JOHN BULL, APRIL 23, 1932

TWOPENCE
Vol. LI.
1349.

PLAYERS RUINED BY CUP-FINALS by "CORINTHIAN" on pages 8 and 9

JOHN BULL

NOW— Throughout Gt. Britain your "232"s cost only 13/9

Over 3,000,000 men chose "232" Grey Flannels at their original price of 14/11 as the finest British flannel value money could buy. Now, these famous flannels cost only 13/9—and *not a thread of the quality that made them famous has been sacrificed!* "232" cost less to-day because they are in even greater demand and are being produced, every pair in one factory under the personal supervision of the directors, in even greater quantity than ever before. Everywhere throughout Great Britain now—famous "232's" in four shades and 68 fittings, cost only 13/9! Outsizes of course are a little extra.

'SANDOM' HANDYCOATS

Only the makers of "232" could produce a sports jacket of appropriate worth and quality to be worn on all "232" occasions. "Sandom" Handycoats are unquestionably the finest sporting tweed jackets in style, value and variety ever offered at so low a price.

21/-

27/6, 32/6

'CENTACORT' WHITE & GREY FLANNELS

"Centacort," the supreme White Flannels which cost 21/- last year, are now yours for 18/9! Ask also to see the new "Centacort" Greys—flannels of faultless excellence in two shades and obtainable everywhere at 18/9.

18/9

100% WOOL

FREE BOOKLET

Ask your retailer for a free copy of the new booklet which tells you all you want to know about "232," "Sandom" Handycoats and "Centacort," or write direct to "232," Manager of Sales, 38, Wood St., London, E.C.2

"232" Grey Flannels are obtainable in West Africa solely from the stores of The United Africa Co., Ltd., and associated companies.

"232" FLANNELS

THERE'S STEADFAST WEAR IN EVERY PAIR!

FOR SMALL TRADERS, SHOPKEEPERS.

MAKE MONEY. COCHRANE & SONS help you to make money. Children's Vests, 4/11 per doz. Ladies' Art. Silk Hose, 7/11 doz. Genuine Tremola Shirts, 2 Collars, 3/11 each Boys' ribbed Jerseys, 12/- doz. Ladies' Overalls, 7/6 doz. Hundreds of Bargains in our Warehouse. Wholesale only. Quarter dozens supplied. Come and see us or write for Catalogue, post free.—COCHRANE & SONS, 1, THOMAS STREET, MANCHESTER.

PROFITABLE GOODS TO SELL in your spare time, every kind; good profits; 200-page Catalogue free.—May (173), George St., Birmingham.

80-PAGE WHOLESALE Drapery Catalogue, Post Free Perfect and repeatable goods of Quality and Value, Keenest Prices All Depts. Ladies', Men's, Child's, Household. Satisfaction guaranteed Wholesale only to the Trade.—Myers & Co (L. & H.) Ltd. 7 Trinity St., Leeds.

FREE ILLUSTRATED LIST for dealers and Beginners for keen lines in Drapery, Hosiery, Haberdashery (wholesale only).—LEVY BROS., Dept. A., 39, Houndsditch, LONDON E.C.3.

AGENCIES, CLUBS.

EARN £2 to £5 weekly. Run Drapery Club amongst friends. No outlay. Particulars and cat. free.—Carlisle Mills, Dept. 11, Birstall, Leeds.

JUST PUBLISHED—JOHN NOBLE'S WONDER CATALOGUE! One of the most marvellous books ever issued. JOHN NOBLE'S WANT ORGANISERS OF WEEKLY CLUBS. The Ideal Club Leads for Value! Big commission, little trouble, no expense. Super Bargains in Fashions, Footwear, Furniture, Bedding, Outfitting, etc. All Goods Carriage paid. Over 60 years' reputation for value and service. Thousands of enthusiastic organisers! Send P.C. NOW for particulars and 330-page Bargain Guide. John Noble, Ltd. (Dept. A.7), Manchester.

AN EXCEPTIONAL OPPORTUNITY. Make your spare time profitable time. Send P.C. for Cctlgs. and Partics. of our Great Bonus Club. Big Comm. Extra 5s. Bonus for Members. Write immed.—West Riding Trading Co., Bingley, Yks.

AGENTS and House-to-House Canvassers. Wonderful new 6d. line. Sells at sight. Big profits. Send 3d. for sample and terms.—PENN, Dept. X, 682, Holloway Rd., London, N.19.

EMPLOYMENT.

MOTOR DRIVERS. — COMMERCIAL and PRIVATE positions. The finest PRACTICAL training to standard R.A.C. Certificate at the lowest inclusive fee. Day or evening FREE employment Dept. CALL (9-7) or write. THE BRITISH SCHOOL OF MOTORING, 5, COVENTRY ST., PICCADILLY CIRCUS, W (Corner Rupert Street, next Lyons' Corner House).

BUY Hosiery w'sale to sell again; over 60% profit, any quantity. Cat. Free.—Emoire Hosiery Co., Empire House, St. Martin's-le-Grand, E.C.1.

POLICE RECRUITS.—Commencing pay now £2 15s per week, rising to £4 5s. 9d. Ages 19-27. Height over 5 ft. 9 in. Those interested in joining should send for free details of entrance requirements of City, County and Borough Forces from B.T.I., 29b, Oxford St., London, W.1.

BUY British Hosiery w'sale to sell again, 60% profit. Any quantity. Cat. free.—Trunit Hosiery Co., Textile Exch., St. Paul's Churchyard, E.C.

LEARN Shorthand (Pitman's) Postally. Parties. free. Typewriting work undertaken: refs. 1/- doz. A. Wilson, Co-op Bldgs., Lesmahagow, Lanarks.

EARN £3-£6 WEEKLY as a certificated Bookkeeper. Expert postal tuition. Fee 6/- monthly. Free Employment Bureau. Success assured. Guide FREE.—C. C. COLLEGE (D9), 23, Coleman St., London, E.C. (Estd. 1908.)

BUSINESS SERVICES, ETC.

MAIL ORDER TRADERS. Advertisements inserted in 50 Provincial newspapers or London Suburban, 7/10. Welsh, 3/8. Large or small Mail Order Campaigns. Advice free. Write for Prospectus 60.—Buttolph & Dickson, 323, High Holborn, London, W.C.1. (Chancery 8113.)

CHEAP PRINTING.—1,000 Billheads from 3/6. Handbills, Cards, Posters, Equally as Cheap. Samples free.—Pearsons, Church Rd., Portsmouth.

BARGAIN SALES.

BARGAINS GALORE!—Thousands in to-day's "Exchange and Mart," 2d. at your newsagent's. Specimen Copy free. Send a postcard now to J. B. Burt 4, Greville Street, London, E.C.1.

KNITTING WOOL BUNDLES, 1¼ lb 4/6, for Socks, etc. Grey, Heather, etc 3/6 lb., post free. Patts. Wools, Serges, Tweeds.—Egerton Burnetts W.B. Warehouse, Wellington, Som.

WALLPAPERS DIRECT from 2½d. per roll. Send for patterns post free.—WEST RIDING WALLPAPER CO., 52, TRINITY ST., LEEDS.

LEATHER FOR BOOT MENDING. Finest Butt Leather. Puritan Brand. Trial parcel post free 5/-. Cash and return postage if dissatisfied.—CHRISTIE, Wellington Bldgs, Strand, Liverpool.

WALLPAPERS, Non-Combine, from 2½d. roll. Book of 1932 Designs free.—Eclipse Wallpaper Co. (late of Leeds), 21, Shields Rd., Newcastle-Tyne.

DANCE NOVELTIES & ADVERT. BALLOONS. List Free.—NOVELTY SUPPLY STORES (Dept. 19), 228, Mile End Road, LONDON.

WALLPAPERS. The Wonder Book of Patterns Post Free. Over 100 new designs plainly marked at bargain prices. All papers English made. Write for your copy to the original mail order firm, Blakey, Morris & Co (London), Ltd., Dept. J.B., 55/56, London Rd., Elephant, S.E.1.

WOOLS, 1d., 1½d., 1¾d. oz. Blk. 6-ply Rug 10½d., 1/3 lb., Cable 1/9. Samples free. NEWCASTLE WOOL C. (Dept. 71), Newcastle-on-T.

SMALL ADS. WORTH WATCHING

Prepaid Rate: 10s. per line averaging six words, Minimum Charge 30s.

Advertisements must be received not later than noon on Friday for the following Thursday's issue.

Address: The Advertisement Manager, "John Bull," 57-59, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

WALLPAPERS, from Mills, from 2½d. roll. New designs, Patterns, post free.—Osborne Mills (Dept. 5), Rochdale Rd., Manchester.

PEACH'S Ideal Home Decorations Catalogue, Fully Illustrated. New Values. Curtains, Nets, Casements, Cretonnes, Muslins, Linens. — S. Peach & Sons, Ltd., 141, The Looms, Nottingham.

SILK STOCKINGS! Don't miss this opportunity! Best quality Art. Silk Hose in all shades. Cuban heel. With or without lace clox. 1/6 per pair. 3 pairs 4/-. Post free. Money refunded immediately if not satisfied.—(J) Redfern, 32, Albion St., MANSFIELD, Notts.

FREE GIFTS of Kitchen Utensils of Aluminium Ware are offered by JAY'S FURNISHING STORES with every order of £10 or over. For details of this great free gift scheme send for a copy of the latest Catalogue of modern Furniture. This can be obtained by filling in the coupon in the large advt. on this page.

BLUE SERGE SUITS FOR 2/6 DOWN. Turn to JAMES BEST'S offer on page 30. Send for Catalogue and free patterns. Be sure to mark your inquiry Dept. J.B.J.

FILL in the coupon in the ROYAL ENFIELD CYCLE advt. on page 31 for Catalogue and particulars of easy payments.

OF ALUMINIUM WARE GIVEN WITH EVERY ORDER OF £10 OR OVER

Jay's are always to the Fore with Original FREE GIFTS and Bargains. With every £10 order they are giving a Four-Piece Set of Kitchen Utensils—Teapot, Kettle, and two Saucepans with lids—absolutely FREE. The Full Kitchen Equipment illustrated is FREE WITH A £20 ORDER.

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£10	...	6/-
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Three-Piece Suite covered in good quality tapestry. Strong solid oak arms. Steel webbing to well sprung seats. An exceptional offer.

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Oxford St. End. 'Phone: Mus. 2483

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ADDRESS .....

.....Dept. J.B.

CHELSEA ..... 363, Fulham Road, S.W.10
CROYDON ..... 5, London Road
225, WESTMINSTER BRIDGE ROAD, S.E.1
245-247, KENTISH TOWN ROAD, N.W.5
CLAPHAM ..... 59, 61, 63, High St., S.W.4
BOW ..... 165, Bow Road, E.3
HOLLOWAY ..... 162, Holloway Road, N.7
ELEPHANT & CASTLE, 96-97, London Rd., S.E.1
PALMERS GREEN, 25, Green Lanes, N.13
STOKE NEWINGTON, 88-90, High Street, N.
STRATFORD ..... 379-381, High Street, E.15
CRICKLEWOOD ..... 140, Broadway, N.W.2
HAMMERSMITH ..... 120, King Street, W.6
WIMBLEDON ..... 81, Broadway, S.W.19
THORNTON HEATH ..... 59, High Street
PADDINGTON ..... 262, Harrow Road, W.2
KING'S CROSS ..... 212, Caledonian Rd., N.1
UPTON PARK ..... 361, Green Street, E.13
PADDINGTON ..... 219, Shirland Road, W.9
WHITECHAPEL ..... 223, Whitechapel Rd., E.1
READING ..... 47, Minster Street
WATFORD ..... 35-37, The Parade, High St.
WORTHING ..... 15-17, Rowlands Road
WOKING ..... 11, The Broadway
BRIGHTON ..... 127, Queen's Road
NORTHAMPTON ..... 23, Gold Street
EXETER ..... 104, Fore Street
TAUNTON ..... 59, East Street
PLYMOUTH ..... 8-9, The Octagon
CHESTER ..... 92, Bridge Street
NORWICH ..... 31, St. Stephen's Street
STOKE-ON-TRENT ..... 44, High Street

TILES with easyfix instructions from 2/- doz. Send for list. — FURLONG'S, facing Tramyard, Thornton Heath Pond, Surrey.

READERS' attention is drawn to the "232" advt. on the Front Cover, in which is announced a reduction in the price of the famous "232" Grey Flannel Trousers—formerly 14/11, now only 13/9. A free copy of an interesting booklet which tells you all you want to know about "232" clothing can be obtained from your retailer. Ask him for a copy.

Write for the illustrated "HERCULES" CYCLE CATALOGUE for full range of models and particulars of easy terms. Address: The Hercules Cycle & Motor Co., Ltd., Dept. J.B., Britannia Works, Aston, Birmingham. See advt. on page 14.

READERS' attention is drawn to HODGSON'S CARPET OFFER on page 27. A new illustrated Catalogue will be sent free.

FREE.—The HACKNEY FURNISHING CO.'S illustrated Catalogue and full particulars of their deferred terms and unique Free Insurance Plan. Simply fill in the coupon in the advt. on page 21.

BANISH WASHDAY DRUDGERY—Get the labour-saving "Swiftsure" Vacuum Washer. A postcard brings this great washing day helper on 14 days' free trial. Send a postcard to the address shown in the advt. on page 12.

THE LADY'S HANDBAG which H.M. The Queen purchased at the British Industries Fair is illustrated on page 3. Readers can purchase this bargain by sending to the address shown.

MEN'S SHIRTS. An exceptional offer is made by an advertiser in this week's "SHOP WINDOW." See page 3

FREEMANS CASH OR CREDIT

CELEBRATED SPARE TIME

AGENCY

BOOTS, Gent's and Ladies' Clothing, Suits, Coats, Costumes and Underwear, Carpets, Lino, Drapery, Gramophones, Bicycles, Jewellery, Watches, Clocks, China, Toys, Baby Carriages, etc.

Men in regular employment appointed as Agents.

Largest stock in the trade. Liberal supply of samples. Highest Commission Paid. *Illustrated Coloured Catalogues.*

NO OUTLAY. ALL PROFIT.

Enquiries for Agency Invited.

LAVENDER HILL, LONDON.

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TEA.—Buy Direct—save middlemen's profit. Indian and Ceylon, specially blended. 4 lb. 4/8, 10 lb. 10/-. Tea Dust, 10 lb. 5/-. Carr. pd. PORTWAY TEA CO., 72, Portway, West Ham.

READERS' attention is drawn to the "TY-PHOO" TEA announcement on page 24. Recommended by doctors. A FREE SAMPLE can be obtained by sending a 1½d. stamp with your name and address to Sumner's "Ty-Phoo" Tea, Ltd., Birmingham. Mention *John Bull* when writing.

DRESS.

BABY'S BEAUTIFUL LONG CLOTHES, 30/-, 75 Home-made garments. Worth £5. Handsome Shawl, Robes, Day Gowns, Flannels, Terry Napkins, Vests, Barras, Warm Nighties, Wool Coats, etc. Everything complete and ready for use. Purchasers state "That materials alone would cost them more." Expectant Mothers send 2/- for parcel on approv (bal. cash or terms).—Mrs. J. HOWARD, 66, DOVER RD., PORTSMOUTH.

MUSICAL.

GRAMOPHONES & Radiograms. How to make cheaply. Motors 7/6, Kits, parts or sets, 64-pp. ill. drawings 3d. Regentbull, 120, Old St., Ldn. EC1.

DO not overlook GAMAGE'S outstanding PORTABLE WIRELESS OFFER obtainable by monthly payments, on page 32. Write for full particulars, mentioning *John Bull*.

MEDICAL, CURATIVE. (JB)

HOW TO STOP SMOKING.—Genuine remedy, proved by testimonials.—Write, The Stanley Institute (J.B.), 21, Warwick Lane, E.C.4.

DON'T WEAR A TRUSS. Use Brooks' Rupture Appliance, New Discovery. Wonderful: no lumpy pads, no springs; durable, cheap. Binds and draws parts together quickly. Sent on trial. Catalogue free.—Address: Brooks Appliance Co., Ltd. (482P), 80, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2.

BLADDER Weakness, Kidney Trouble etc., cured by Parker's Fluid Remedy. 1/3, 3/-, Boots', etc., or Parker's Remedy, Ltd., Liverpool. Spl. 3d.

ASTHMA.—Vapo-Cresolene gives quicker relief and soothes the irritated tubes. You must try it. Write for free booklet No. 46J to Allen & Hanburys, Ltd., London, E.C.3.

BLUSHING, NERVOUSNESS. — Don't waste money on useless patent medicines. Send 3d. for my book on the cure of weak nerves.—H. Rivers (J.B.88), 40, Lamb's Conduit Street, W.C.1.

A FREE SAMPLE OF DR. JENNER'S ABSORBENT LOZENGES for ACIDITY and INDIGESTION is offered in the SAVORY & MOORE advt. on page 34.

ARE YOU RUPTURED? Get the new Elliptden Appliance on 7 days' free trial. A free booklet is offered in the advt. on page 3.

WANTED TO PURCHASE.

BEST PRICES paid for Jewellery, Diamonds, Platinum, Old Gold and Silver, Antiques, Dental Plates (not Vulcanite). Valuable Properties, etc. Nothing too large nor too small. Cash per return.—Bentley & Co. 10, New Bond St., London, W.1.

ANY Kind Old Gold, Jewellery, Sovereigns, Diamonds, Old False Teeth, Platinum Scrap bought. Highest cash per return.—Bells, Headrow, Leeds.

MISCELLANEOUS.

YOU NEED "HEALTH & STRENGTH." Try it free! Send postcard for specimen copy to J. B. Burt 4, Greville Street, London, E.C.1.

A CUSTOMER FOUND 16 DEAD RATS IN 10 MINUTES AFTER LAYING DOWN RODINE. THE RAPID RAT REMOVER. NEVER FAILS. 7½d. AND 1/3. ALL CHEMISTS, OR RODINE WORKS, PERTH (POST 3d EXTRA).

DUKE'S JELLIED ALMONDS. YOU can't stop eating them. All Sweet Shops.

FREE.—Your choice of three fine Cameras in return for coupons from "PRIVATE SEAL" CIGARETTES—see page 16. Fill in the coupon for a copy of the latest "PRIVATE SEAL" List of Gifts in colour and six free coupons to enable you to start your collection.

FREE.—A copy of the "SUN-MAID" RECIPE BOOKLET, as offered in the advt. on page 20, awaits every reader who simply sends a postcard to Dept. J.B.6, Producers' International Sales Association, Ltd., 50, Eastcheap, London, E.C.3. This excellent book contains nearly 100 recipes. Every mother and housewife should send for a copy.

A FREE SAMPLE of "HARLENE" CAMOMILE GOLDEN HAIR WASH is offered on receipt of a 3d. stamp in the advt. on page 31.

HOW TO MAKE MONEY

MAIL ORDER FIRM MAKES £1,720 profit on £14.

You can start a Mail Order Business quite simply by the "Hand" System. Invented by Charles Hand, Present Controller of the world-famous Mail Order House of Hand and Co., 20, New Oxford St., and Oakley House, Bloomsbury St., W.C.1, who made in the first year net profits £1,720 11s. 2d. on outlay of £14. One investment of £3 10s. brought in £343. Write for FREE FOLDER, "How to Start a Mail Business," to Chas. Hand, Oakley House, Bloomsbury St., London, W.C.1. (Mention J.B. and enclose 1½d. stamp.)

SOLID SILVER WATCHES

NO DEPOSIT

JEWELLED MOVEMENTS

WARRANTED FOR 15 YEARS

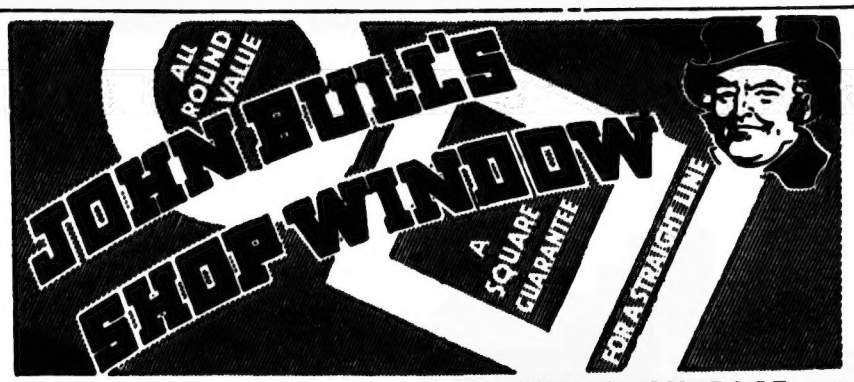
GENT'S WATCH. Guaranteed perfect timekeeper. Specially tested before delivery. Smart SOLID SILVER CASE and handsome figured dial. Strong, double width leather strap. Bargain price while stocks last, 27/6; luminous dial, 29/6.

LADY'S WATCH. Same jewelled accurate movement as Gent's Watch. Dainty SOLID SILVER CASE, moire silk band and fancy dial. Wonderful value 25/-. On solid silver expanding bracelet, 31/6.

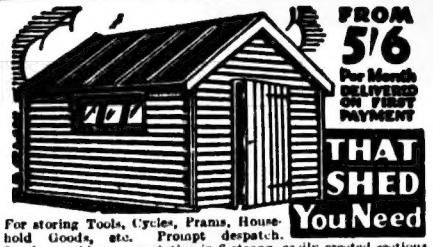
7 Days after receipt of Watch pay 1/6 and 1/6 fortnightly.

Write for Catalogue.

HOME & DOMINIONS SUPPLY CO., (Dept. J.B.), 6, White Hart Court, Bishopsgate, London, E.C.2.



MORE GUARANTEED BARGAINS APPEAR ON PAGE 12



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For storing Tools, Cycles, Prams, Household Goods, etc. Prompt despatch. Carriage paid to your station in 6 strong, easily erected sections, strong planed, moulded, rebated weatherboards. Roofing Felt supplied. Floors extra. Satisfaction guaranteed.

Long.	Wide.	High.	Cash	or 6 Payments	or 12
6 ft.	x 4 ft.	x 6½ ft.	£3 0 0	10/6	5/6
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BIG CATALOGUE of Portable Buildings Free.

F. & H. SUTCLIFFE, LTD., 82, Wood Top, Holden Bridge, Yorks. London Showrooms, 40-42, Oxford St.

GREAT PRAM SALE!

GENUINE DAINTICARS AT HUGE REDUCTIONS

THIS MODEL **39/6**

Other Models with Ball Bearing Wheels and Cushion Tyres, *from* **5/9** *monthly*

Write for Sale Catalogue

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Solders without heat

SOLDERINE

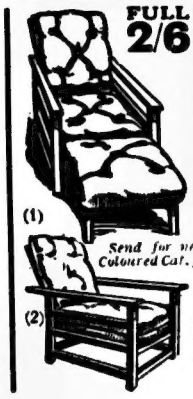
MENDS & JOINS ALL METAL ARTICLES, ENAMELWARE, Etc. Aluminium, Iron, Zinc, Tin, Brass and Copper. Repairs Kettles, Pots, Pans, Boilers, Pipes, Petrol Tanks, Car Radiators, etc., without heat. "SOLDERINE" is merely pressed into hole or leak and hardens like iron. Won't chip, burn, boil or bake out. Joins any metals and substitutes solder for ALL its uses in Home, Garage, Workshop, Wireless Jobs, etc. **British and Best.** Send P.O. or stamps 1/3 for generous size tube to:—

Wm. PENN (Dept. J.B.), 982, HOLLOWAY RD., LONDON, N.19.

Avoid inferior foreign imitations.

1/3 POST FREE

FULL LENGTH BED CHAIR 2/6 with SPRING SEATS



ONLY send 2/6 and we deliver to your address this handsome Bed-chair with SPRING SEAT. 12 further weekly payments of 2/6 complete purchase. SOLID OAK FRAMES, polished rich nut brown. 3 velvet cord cushions, any colour. 2 seat cushions, reversible. Leg rest detachable and very useful as fireside seat (see illus. 4). Our patent spring seats (Pat. No. 336993/30) ensure comfort with permanent springing. Carr. Free Eng. P.O.'s only. **CASH PRICE 30/-**

Send for NEW Coloured Cat. J.B. All British.

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BABY CLOTHES 30!

Superb Layette, comprising 75 home-made articles, including beautiful Christening Robe, Dainty Robe Skirt, Afternoon Gowns, Night Gowns, Matinee Coats, Silk and Wool Carrying Shawl, Vests, Back Flannels, Genuine Terry Naps, Pilches and other articles needed for baby's birth. Send only 2/- for parcel on approval and satisfy yourself first before paying balance on terms or cash. Satisfaction or money back.

Doctors advise expectant Mothers to wear a Maternity Belt—a necessity which I include as a Free Gift. Particulars sent.

Thousands of Delighted Customers. A typical Testimonial: "I was really surprised at the quality."

Mrs. Sturgess, 153, Wellingborough Rd., Northampton.

COVER YOUR FLOORS WITH BROADOLEUM

Suitable for Wood, Stone and all Floors. Lies perfectly flat. Requires no fixing. Damp and Rot proof. Non-Staining. Non-Marking.

108 SQ. FT. 15/-

EQUALS 12 SQ. YARDS

Larger Lengths pro rata.

Carr. Paid to any railway station.

Send for Range Free Samples

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DON'T DELAY — SEND TO-DAY

BUY NEW CURTAINS NOW *during spring-cleaning*

29,500 YARDS CURTAIN NETS FADELESS CURTAINING AND CRETONNES

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ACTUAL PATTERNS; PLAIN, HEMSTITCHED, INSERTED REPPS, POPLINS, SATIN STRIPES, FADELESS COLOURS: ALL AT LOWEST PRICES.

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By buying direct you make a leisured choice in your own home; you get a beautiful variety to choose from; you are not influenced to buy what you don't want . . . . AND YOU SAVE MONEY.

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Over 200 beautiful styles. Buy British and secure the best.

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MONEY BACK IF NOT SATISFIED—

As purchased by H.M. the Queen at the BRITISH INDUSTRIES FAIR, WHITE CITY.

SPECIAL PRICE **5/11** Post 6d extra

Made from very soft fine Leather, containing Mirror, in Metal Case, and Purse attached to well finished lining. Colours—Red, Green, Blue, Black or Brown. Approx. size, 8¼ x 6¼.

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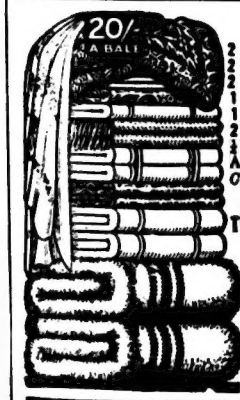

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2 White Woolly Blankets 90 x 70
2 Good Bolton Sheets 90 x 70
2 White Pillow Slips 30 x 18
1 White Bolster Case 58 x 18
1 Beautiful Bedspread 80 x 60
2 Coloured Turkish Towels
½ doz. Dainty Handkerchiefs
ALL DOUBLE BED SIZE

Compare sizes before buying elsewhere.

The Lot **20/-** Carr. Free.

Cash or C.O.D.

Money back if not satisfied

A Handsome Wadded DOWN QUILT Free with each Bale. Also pair Art. Silk Hose free if Cash with order.

STANDARD (HUKMAK), Ltd., Dept. K.6, 191, Princess Street, Manchester.

SALE!

of ROYAL Cycles. *A GREAT OPPORTUNITY*

5-Guinea Models for **59/6** (or 5/9 monthly)

3-Speed Model de Luxe for **79/6** (or 7/6 monthly).

Numerous other models at similar reductions.

Send for Illustrated Catalogue.

All Models guaranteed for 50 years

VICTORIA CYCLE & CARRIAGE CO., (Dept. C.126) 11, Victoria St., Westminster, S.W.1

SATISFACTION OR FREE GIFT of 1/-

Think of it. For one week only, simply to advertise our catalogue, we are offering a pair of guaranteed hard wearing trousers at practically cost price, viz.: 4/- per pair. These are OK. Grey with a neat stripe and made of practicality unwearable material and we guarantee to replace should they fail to please. Send for a pair now, and if you are not completely satisfied with your bargain, we undertake not only to refund your money, but will give you 1/- as a recompense for your disappointment. Send to-day as this opportunity may not occur again. State size (28 in. to 40 in. waist) 42 in. to 48 in. 1/- extra. Stock sizes only.

4/-

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1 Art. Bedspread 80x60
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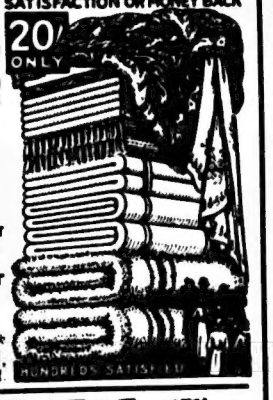

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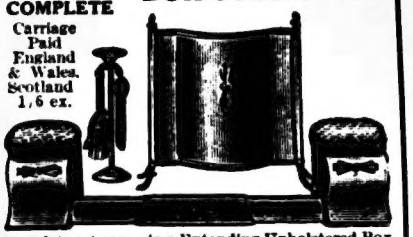

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FREE PATTERN PIECES

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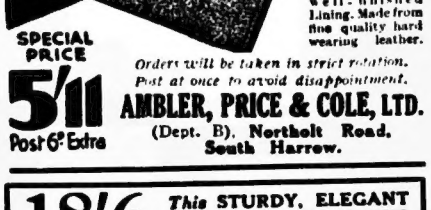

With thumb strap, outside pocket, and fitted with useful mirror in a pocket, and purse attached to well-finished Lining. Made from fine quality hard wearing leather.

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Don't wait until you can pay cash down. Our deposit system is at your service. 1/- down brings you two beautiful hand-made double-fronted shirts (two collars to each) and two exquisite hand-tailored, Royal Irish Poplin ties to tone with shirts. Our price to suit the times 25/- the lot (shop price for same 37/6) payable 1/- with order and 2/- weekly. SEND postcard to-day for FREE patterns to select. Shirts made and delivered to your own home immediately. Everybody delighted with them. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

J. P. HODGSON & CO., (Dept. B), 7, BEDFORD STREET, BELFAST.

"What a topping pair of GREY FLANNELS Dad!"

"Yes Sonny, for only 40 packets of BLACK CAT.

RED BAND TWENTIES = 200 COUPONS

Now I'm saving for a FLANNEL SUIT for Jackie!"

FLANNEL SUIT FOR BOYS
'CAMBRIDGE QUALITY'
Well cut jacket and double seated shorts, in medium grey flannel, sizes 000 to 9. State size required and chest measurement.
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FLANNEL TROUSERS
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British-made. Fully cut on best West End principle. Obtainable in 33 fittings. Be sure to state whether FASHIONABLE SILVER or MEDIUM GREY shade required, and give WAIST and INSIDE LEG measurements.

Inside Leg	Waist						
28 ins.	30"	32"	34"	36"	38"	40"	42"
29 ins.	30"	32"	34"	36"	38"	40"	42"
30 ins.	30"	32"	34"	36"	38"	40"	42"
31 ins.	30"	32"	34"	36"	38"	40"	42"
32 ins.	30"	32"	34"	36"	38"	—	—

"It's really amazing . . . fine grey flannels for smoking only 40 packets of twenty, that makes the 200 coupons. The only reason they can do it is because large contracts have been placed with a British manufacturer to supply these Grey Flannel Trousers for Black Cat smokers.

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JOHN BULL

THURSDAY,

for Week ending Saturday, April 23, 1932. Twopence. *Registered at the G.P.O as a Newspaper. Postage: Inland and Canada, 1d; all other parts of the world, 1½d.* 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Telephone: Temple Bar 2468.

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BIGGER and BETTER *Killing!*

"HOW can man die better?" asked Horatius in Macaulay's poem that we all learned at school.

"How can man kill better?" is the question that hundreds of thousands of scientists all over the world are trying to answer.

All the nations of the world have signed a pact renouncing war. Their statesmen at Geneva are talking about disarmament.

But every War Ministry, every Naval Ministry, every Air Ministry has its experts—its engineers, its chemists, its laboratories—hard at work devising new ways of killing, new methods of frightfulness.

And as well as the Government experts, there are the experts of the big armament firms, highly-paid research workers sometimes carrying on experiments that seem innocence itself, utterly unconnected with war or violence.

It pays the big firms to carry on these researches, week after week, year after year.

A new alloy, a mere trace of something in steel, may make possible a new gun, a new armour plate. A chemist may happen on a new and viler poison gas. There are infinite possibilities. You never know.

And if a big firm can produce any weapon that is a more efficient killer it can make big money.

Business, just business. Science is the handmaiden of business. And there is money in killing.

Supply and demand. Governments (while they talk peace and disarmament) want better killing machines, better killing materials, new ways of battering men's bodies to pieces and ripping the life from them.

Blood-Money

GOVERNMENTS want these things, will spend taxpayers' money freely to get them. That is the demand.

Industry, aided by science, can supply them; is supplying them. That is supply.

Supply meets demand. That is business. There is money in finding out new ways of killing men—men and women and children.

So the horror goes on. Armies and navies and air forces may—or may not—be reduced as a result of the Geneva Conference. But the killing power of them increases every year.

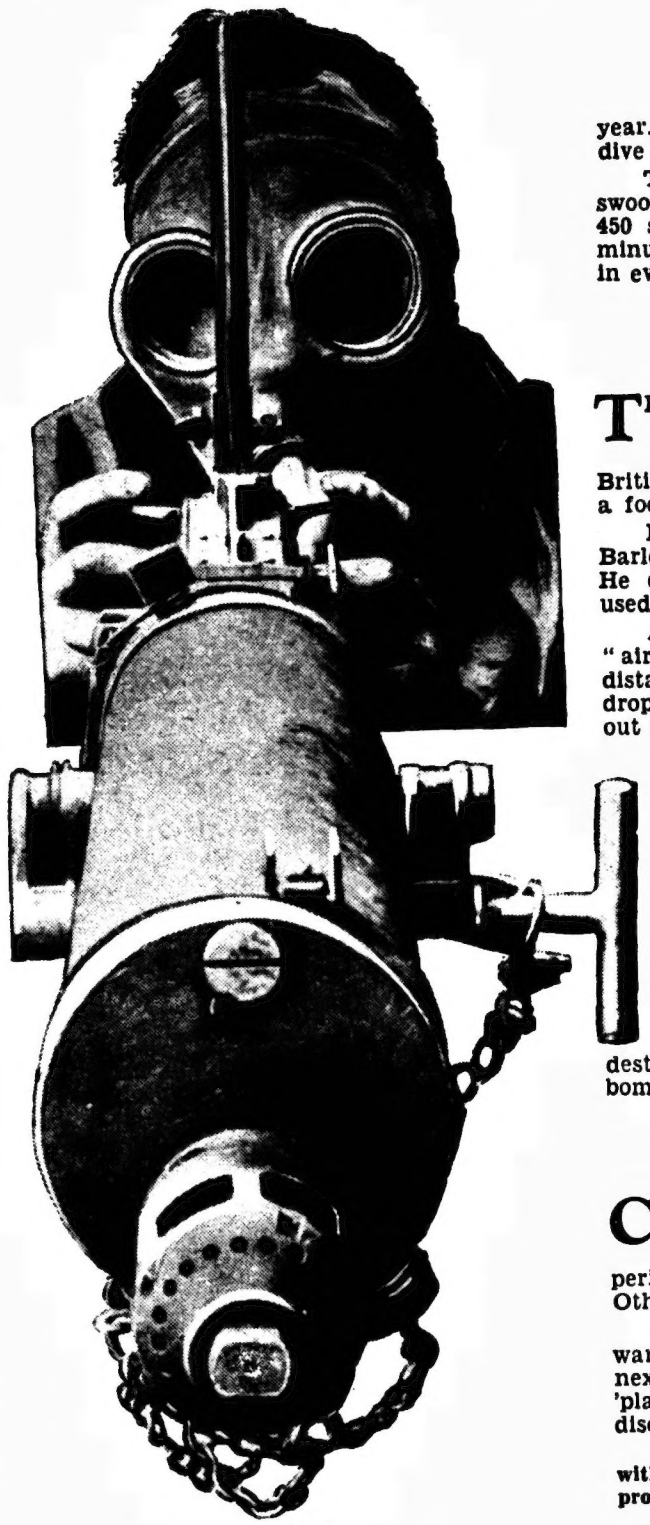
Their power of killing each other, their power of killing civilians.

The weapons of the Great War are nothing compared with the weapons of the next war.

Think of the infantryman. He will carry not a magazine rifle of the kind we know, but a self-loader of the Vickers-Pedersen type.

It can fire fifty aimed rounds a minute in skilful hands. Even a novice can get off twenty-five. Think of the increased killing power. And think of the cartridges needed (gain for the munition firms!).

Germany has devised a new, "more powerful," more devilish bullet—the "Halger Ultra" winged bullet.



New methods mean new horrors

It goes at double the velocity of the present rifle bullet. It can pierce steel armour half an inch thick. It does not drill a clean hole, but blasts its way through flesh and bone with the force of its impact.

Experiments on animals have produced "ghastly wounds."

Think of an aeroplane like the new R.A.F. fighters, to be shown at the Hendon display this year. They carry six machine-guns; they can dive at over 320 miles an hour.

Think of such a machine, all guns at work, swooping at 320 miles an hour. Six guns at work. 450 shots a minute each—nearly 3,000 shots a minute. Winged bullets blasting ghastly wounds in every human target.

Science's Gift . . .

THAT is what science, set to solve problems of better killing, is giving the world.

New bullets, new shells. The new British naval gun throws a shell that can pierce a foot of solid steel nine miles away!

Biggest claim of all comes from Mr. Lester Barlow, of the United States. He is no wild man. He designed the depth-charge the U.S. Navy used in the war. He is a serious inventor.

And Mr. Barlow claims to have invented an "air-robot" that can fly through the air any distance you like—1,000 miles if need be—and drop wherever you like enough explosive to wipe out an area of half a square mile.

Fifteen thousand "robots," he says, could be launched in a day. Seven thousand square miles—the whole of Wales—could be "wiped out" in twenty-four hours.

Maybe he exaggerates his claim. But maybe he does not. He is a serious inventor. And such a thing is not fantastically impossible; not as "impossible" as aeroplanes seemed only thirty years or so ago.

Robots and rockets can drop explosive—or gas. So can aeroplanes. Fifty tons of gas bombs, they say, would destroy the population of London. The modern bomber can carry a ton.

The New Horror

CHEMISTS are working ceaselessly, searching for new poisons, testing them on animals. Our own Government maintains a big experimental station at Porton, on Salisbury Plain. Other Governments are doing the same.

Explosives; poisons; bacteria. Is bacterial warfare to be the characteristic horror of the next, as gas was of the last, war? Will the 'planes and the rockets and the robots shower disease germs on the enemy cities?

Anthrax germs breathed from the air slay horribly within a few hours And incredible numbers can be produced with appalling swiftness in the laboratory.

So efficient is modern science that it can solve well nigh any technical problem that we set it.

To-day we are setting it the task of devising better ways of killing. It is solving that problem with horrible efficiency. And if we keep it at the job it will do still worse.

Unless mankind is going to wipe itself out of existence, it has got to put a stop swiftly to this mad progress. And the only way of doing that is to stop the whole vile business.

It is futile to talk of humanising war. War just is inhuman. It is going to get more inhuman. And unless mankind soon puts an end to it, it will put an end to mankind.

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER..

How to End the Sunday Kinema Muddle

WHY not a National Referendum on Sunday kinemas?

Let the people decide the issue for themselves by popular vote—that is the only way to end the chaos which has developed.

Making it worse

The new compromise suggested will only make confusion more confounded.

If it is adopted all districts which have not yet had Sunday opening will have to go through the long and expensive process of promoting private Parliamentary Bills, with no guarantee, even then, of success.

End the deadlock!

What it means is that the battle for Sunday kinemas will have to be incessantly fought.

Sir Thomas Inskip, the Solicitor-General, and his friends will continue to oppose, and Mr. Oliver Stanley and his allies will continue to attack. Just like the Western Front.

End the deadlock for good and all by letting the people decide.

Two Budgets again

For the second year in succession there will be two Budgets within twelve months.

Three events that will largely shape financial policy are yet to come—the Lausanne Conference on Reparations and War Debts, the Imperial Conference at Ottawa, and the great Conversion scheme next autumn.

Only when the results of these are fully known will Mr Neville Chamberlain be able to complete his financial plans for the year.

What M.P.s dread

M.P's are dreading the threatened all-night sittings to get the Budget and other Government business finished by the time Parliament rises in July.

On such occasions they doze in the smoking-rooms and wake up to answer the division bell—a poor way of doing the country's business.

There is rarely any real necessity for it. It must stop.

Our campaign succeeds

JOHN BULL can regard with some satisfaction the findings of the Departmental Committee which has been investigating the conduct of inefficient private schools.

The discoveries of the committee regarding the low standard of teaching, bad sanitation, and lack of official inspection justify our campaign for their abolition.

Sir Donald Maclean, the President of the Board of Education, can be relied upon to resist the attempt which we know will be made to prevent the recommendations being translated quickly into legislation.

Doubling the clock

Lord Newton is beginning an agitation in the House of Lords for the adoption of the 24-hour clock, as on the Continent.

In accordance with the recommendations of the Home Office Committee in 1919, he is asking that the system should be introduced by the Post Office and the railway companies.

Will we ever catch our evening train at half-past seventeen?

The next step?

The Government will soon have to decide on the next step in India.

The Parliamentary Committees investigating Indian finance and the franchise problem have nearly finished their tasks. Their reports will be received within a few weeks and there will be no excuse for further delay.

Further conferences and enquiries would make India doubt the pledges given.

Another Two-Budget Year

A Crisis in Oil

Sir Thomas Inskip fights against Sunday kinemas. But isn't he rather drastic?

Worth while

We are glad the Minister of Labour will personally represent Britain at some sessions of the International Labour Organisation's Geneva conference.

The organisation's important work has not always got the encouragement it deserves from this country.

In the discussion of such important questions as social insurance, the abolition of fee-charging employment agencies and the employment of children in non-industrial occupations, Britain can give a useful lead.

Gentle reminder

Slavery still persists under the British flag. When Sir John Simon was a private M.P. he made an eloquent protest in the Commons against the tolerance of a system of child slavery in Hong Kong.

Now that he is Foreign Secretary we hope he is seeking to hasten the reforms he advocated.

France's gold ring

France is hoping to avert the final collapse of the gold system by forming a European ring of so-called gold standard countries

It lends money to these countries on the understanding that they remain on the gold standard, though their currencies are actually more depreciated than the pound.

If these countries were dislodged from their precarious positions, we might get a new system based on mutual goodwill and understanding.

Crisis

The oil industry is in grave danger of collapse.

Russia refuses to be a party to any international agreement on prices, and by reason of its special labour conditions is able to undercut the great oil combines, while steadily increasing its output.

There seems no way out of the deadlock, unless Russia agrees to terms.

Parish pump

There is trouble along twelve miles of the Sussex coast.

Winchelsea's bungalow town is still unprotected against the waves which are washing it away. Rye tradesmen have refused to take their vans over the road leading to Rye harbour because of its dangerous condition, and the inhabitants refuse to pay rates until it is remedied. At two other villages the beach has been virtually closed.

Curious way of attracting holiday-makers, isn't it?

Sleepy

You may have heard of "one-horse villages," but did you know Cam in Gloucestershire was called the "parish of one lamp"?

Its only street lamp is kept burning by voluntary contributions, the annual council meeting was attended by only one ratepayer, and the proposed main water supply will not reach one end of the straggling village.

So there is still a place where Rip Van Winkle might find a home.

Mother-wit

Readers would do well to remember the quick thinking of Mrs. Hepburn, of Craghead, Co. Durham.

She awoke the other night to find the house afire. Running into the bedroom of her two children, she tied two blankets together, fastened one end to a bedpost, and the three slid to safety. A few minutes later the walls collapsed.

A bluff called

We have often had to give cautions, particularly to women, who were his special victims, concerning the financial exploits of Arthur Charles Alexandra in social clubs, mineral water and engineering ventures.

A few days ago Alexandra visited our offices, protested that he was innocent of deceit and demanded apologies.

Well, he has since been sentenced to nine months at the Old Bailey for only one false pretence.

Fear conquered

Though only ten years old, nervous and afraid of water, Noreen Taylor, of Grimsby, pluckily went to the rescue of another little girl who fell into a lake and saved her from drowning.

Who said the rising generation was "soft"?

Who slipped?

A Cleckheaton, Yorkshire, man bought his child an orange, and part of the peel was dropped on a gutter grating. He was told by a policeman that he had broken a by-law and would be reported, and, though he expressed his ignorance and offered to pick up the peel, was brought before the magistrates.

The case was dismissed, but the man had to pay the costs. We dislike litter, but we think the policeman might have been better employed.

High-handed

Another police blunder is reported from Sale, Cheshire, where two schoolgirls were charged with maliciously damaging a sports pavilion.

The girls accidentally set fire to the building. As their parents had offered to make reparation for the damage, the magistrates dismissed the case, declaring it should not have been brought. Perhaps the Cheshire police had nothing else to do.

Starchy

Manchester's Town Clerk is evidently a friend of the laundries.

He has issued a notice saying he does not approve of his staff wearing coloured soft collars except on Saturdays, and asking them to sport white linen collars.

A silly, snobbish restriction!

Ask us

We are still receiving many inquiries regarding 15s. 6d. Savings Certificates.

It has been announced that April 30 is the last date for conversion into the three alternatives offered, and those holders who have not already converted should do so without delay. Full particulars can be obtained at post offices and banks.

Those in doubt should write at once to JOHN BULL.

Children don't matter

Stray animals seem to be of more value in Aberdeen than neglected children.

For the town council is giving £50 to a home for stray dogs and cats and only half as much to Aberdeen Children's Shelter.

Are we to conclude that the councillors are fonder of their dogs than their children?

Warning to women

A North London woman was stopped in the street the other day by a smartly-dressed young man and handed a circular advising her, if "seeking companionship," to send a stamped addressed envelope to "A.H.," of Conduit Street, London, W.

We advise her—and all other women readers—to ignore such mysterious communications. It's safer.

Abbey pests

At last steps are being taken to suppress the evil of Westminster Abbey's unauthorised "guides," who often extort considerable sums of money from unescorted women.

Museums and other show places should take similar action. There are far too many rogues who levy blackmail on visitors to London's glories.

Good for evil

Sudden fortune often hardens a man's heart, but Mr. Sydney Hinchcliffe, of Leyland, Preston, who drew Egremont and won £15,000 in the recent Irish sweep, has not allowed his good luck to spoil his good nature.

Recently, four Wigan men, who admitted stealing Mrs. Hinchcliffe's handbag, were bound over and ordered to pay £5 court fees and costs. Mr. Hinchcliffe immediately stepped forward and paid the money.

To return good for evil is a splendid motto to follow through life.

Unlikely

Chelsea F.C. is not very concerned about the French application for the services of Gallacher and Law. There is the French Ministry of Labour to consider.

We have kept out footballers who wanted to come here from Czecho-Slovakia and Austria, and France is almost certain to adopt the same attitude to British players.

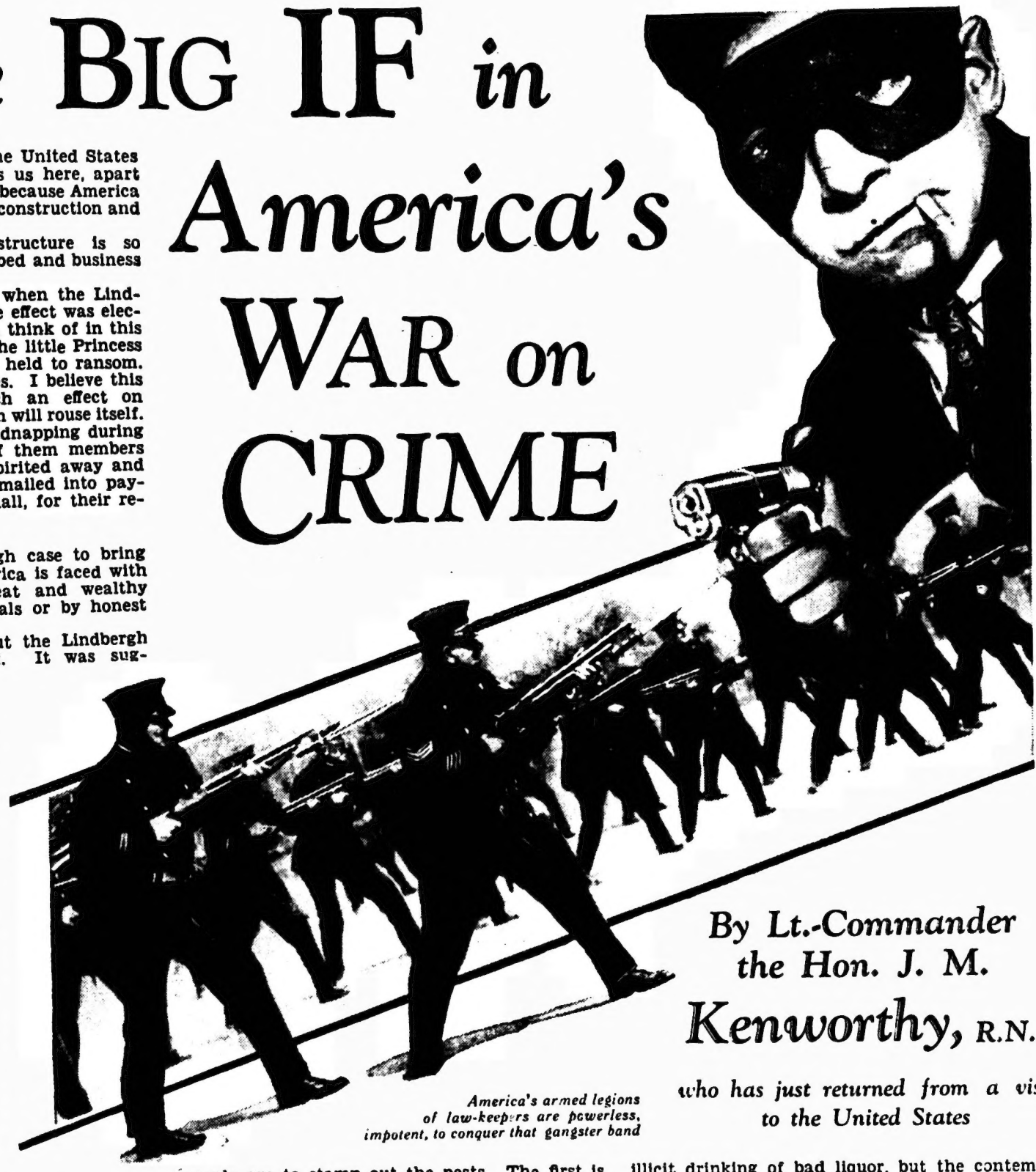
We are baffled

Only by a majority of one has Norton (Yorkshire) Urban Council decided to abolish sixty slum houses.

Yet they are insect-ridden and overcrowded, there is not a safe staircase in any of them, and rain streams through the roofs.

What we can't understand is the mentality of the councillors who voted against their abolition.

The BIG IF in America's WAR on CRIME



America's armed legions of law-keepers are powerless, impotent, to conquer that gangster band

By Lt.-Commander the Hon. J. M. Kenworthy, R.N., who has just returned from a visit to the United States

THE crime epidemic in the United States is appalling. It affects us here, apart from the bad example, because America should help in world reconstruction and recovery of prosperity.

Yet the social structure is so shaken that confidence is disturbed and business interfered with.

I was in the United States when the Lindbergh baby was kidnapped. The effect was electric. The nearest parallel I can think of in this country would be the shock if the little Princess Elizabeth were stolen away and held to ransom.

Out of evil good often comes. I believe this particular crime has had such an effect on American opinion that the nation will rouse itself.

There were 2,000 cases of kidnapping during 1931. Adults, children, some of them members of well-known families, were spirited away and the unfortunate relatives blackmailed into paying various sums, large and small, for their release.

BUT it needed the Lindbergh case to bring home the fact that America is faced with this question: Is a great and wealthy country to be ruled by criminals or by honest people?

The crop of rumours about the Lindbergh kidnapping would fill a book. It was suggested cynically that the Republican Party chiefs had arranged the kidnapping in order that public attention should be withdrawn from the business depression in view of the forthcoming Presidential elections!

Another rumour was that the political opposition in New Jersey, where the Democrats held power, had arranged it in order to discredit the governor and his officials.

Some serious people believed that the Japanese agents had stolen the child because the mother had broadcast an appeal over the radio for help for China.

A similar rumour was that Chinese agents had taken the baby hoping the Japanese would be blamed.

Murders, hold-ups, bank robberies have almost ceased to be news, in the journalistic sense. I will give incidents that happened in New York whilst I was there. The first came under my observation, the second happened to a man I know.

Walking one Sunday in the East Side district of New York, I noticed a crowd outside a restaurant. Presently the ambulance and the police arrived, taking the unfortunate victims of a gang outrage to hospital.

A PARTY of Italians, respectable working people, three young men and a girl, were coming from Mass when their motor-car came into a minor collision with a carload of gangsters.

There was some back-chat and exchange of abuse, as happens on these occasions, and the Italians drove on and sat down to their mid-day meal.

The gangsters followed, entered the restaurant, drew their pistols and started shooting, wounding all four, one of them mortally; and then they calmly went back to their car and drove off. There was no question of robbery. It was just murderous brutality!

A New York business man went to his bank in Wall Street to draw out some securities to take to his broker. As he approached the swing doors to the street a man came close behind him, put a revolver against his back and said, "Mr. So-and-So, if you don't go quietly, I'll shoot you; and my mates have got you covered."

He was forced to enter a taxicab with two of the criminals, and there they went through his securities, taking those which were negotiable and returning those which were non-negotiable.

They left him in the cab, warning him that if he took any action within ten minutes he would be "on the spot."

Two things are necessary if the American people are to stamp out the pests. The first is an uprising of public opinion and a rediscovery of public duty.

Here, in Britain, the police can rely on the help of the man-in-the-street to assist them in keeping the law. If a shooting took place in a British city, the ordinary workaday crowd would grapple with the criminals and hand them over.

This is what actually happened when two armed men murdered the late Field-Marshal Sir Henry Wilson on his own doorstep in a London square.

They were arrested by a milkman on his rounds, some men working about the electric cables, a taxi-driver and other people who happened to be in the neighbourhood, despite their revolvers.

Up till now the average American has been either too frightened or too indifferent to interfere so long as he or his family was not molested.

The people as a whole must act now, and put down crime themselves. Graft and corruption in the public administration, especially in most of the large cities, is rampant.

If the politicians and others responsible for the finances of the cities and States are dipping their hands into the public purse, the more violent criminals can blackmail them into an alliance.

I believe the decent people, who are in the vast majority, mean to act at last. But before America can be cleaned up thoroughly the Prohibition law must be repealed. It is an acknowledged failure. If there were a referendum in the United States to-day, nine-tenths of the votes would be cast for repeal.

The worst feature of Prohibition is not the illicit drinking of bad liquor, but the contempt into which it has brought the law.

Before Prohibition there were 9,000 saloons in New York. The existence of these saloons was one of the arguments for forcing America to go dry.

There are now 30,000 speakeasies in the city. They carry on their business almost openly, and the rates and taxes they pay are regarded as a substantial part of the revenue of the largest and wealthiest city in the United States.

I met only one American who didn't buy bootleg liquor, and that was because he had laid in a store of wines and spirits to last him till the end of his days. Bootlegging is one of the few flourishing industries.

Sales are not confined to the well-to-do. Poorer families make their own liquor. A young wife would be proud of her cooking in the old days. She now boasts of her success in making gin from pure alcohol!

YET every person in America who buys a bottle of drink from a bootlegger is, in theory, liable to five years' imprisonment.

The Prohibition law is broken flagrantly and openly. And this helps to bring all other laws into contempt and to weaken the very foundations of society. Prohibition has created a large and flourishing criminal class, and spread bribery and corruption throughout the Administration.

Americans will stamp out crime when they abandon the farce of trying to make a nation teetotal against its will.

Among the Ghosts I Shall See at Wembley on Saturday will be—

WHEN I take my seat in the Press box at Wembley Stadium on Saturday, watching Newcastle United play the Arsenal for the Cup, I shall see much more than the game that is going on in the arena before me.

I shall see ghosts of past Cup Finals and the men who played in them. For you cannot watch thirty successive Cup battles as I have done without gathering around you a world of memories that will last you throughout the whole thrilling hour and a half.

And I shall remember other thrills.

My mind will go back to 1905, when Hampton, of Aston Villa, not content with scoring with the ball, shot the Newcastle goalkeeper into the corner of the net. It will live as one of the most remarkable goals in football history.

He was twenty yards away when he saw the ball soaring towards the goalkeeper, and, knowing that that player could only be charged when actually in possession of it, began a frenzied rush towards him that was timed to meet him the second he handled.

A second too soon or too late would have meant failure. But the synchronisation was perfect. Lawrence finished up in the net nursing the ball as if it were a baby, and Hampton's goal inspired his team to a 2—0 victory.

I shall recall the Cup Final of 1908, when Harrison, of Wolverhampton, received the news that his wife had given birth to triplets just before the game was due to begin.

He began shakily, I thought, and then warmed up, as if slowly invoking the inspiration of his new family. He finished up by playing dazzling football that was more than his fair contribution to his team's victory over Newcastle United.

Triplets and a Cup medal all on one day!

As I sit watching the twenty-two strong, fit young gladiators of Saturday, all full of vigour and with great futures before them, my mind will inevitably turn to the tragedies of the game—the tragedies that lie behind the Cup.

Lurking tragedy

There is all too much lurking tragedy in this big football. It waylays footballers in their dressing-rooms. It waits to grip them at the end of their playing lives. It even stalks beside them as they play the game that is the hall-mark of their careers.

My memory will take me back to a pair of marvellous feet that made rings round the opposition in a Cup Final of more than a generation ago. I shall give no other hint as to their owner.

I met those feet again, more recently. Their toes struggled to peep through a pair of worn boots. To-day they never go into football grounds. Their owner stands outside — cadging half-crowns from footballers and officials who hardly remember him.

His tragedy was the tragedy of swelled head. Within a year of his taking part in a Cup Final his team found him insufferable and dropped him.

I know another Cup Final player who became afflicted with the same malady and who didn't last half-way through the next season.

I am aware that for every player who is ruined by such success several are made, finding their value to their teams enhanced by hundreds or thousands of pounds.

But the plain fact remains that for some men success in the Cup Final has been the worst day's work in their lives —and will be again for men of the type not made for bearing their success in the right way.

Trembling fingers

It might be thought that I am suggesting footballers to be overburdened with vanity. I am not. I am just pointing out that they are human, with the virtues and frailties you will find in all other walks of life.

If you would know how human, see them in their dressing-rooms on Saturday, when nearly a hundred thousand people are eagerly waiting for them to appear.

Some of them will handle their bootlaces as if they are live eels, just as they have always done, and finish up by having to have them tied up for them!

Because they are human, many footballers have a tendency to rest on their laurels.

That is why I shall be thinking of several who have become too lazy to remain brilliant players after they have won Cup medals.

I knew one man who was hardly good enough for the second eleven in the season following his appearance in a Cup Final. And soon *nobody* wanted him. It was surprising to him, of course, to think that there should be a lack of demand for a player with Cup Final qualifications, but there it was.

Within two years he was out of first-class football altogether.

He never stopped to think that a first-class footballer is only an asset when he is determined to give the first-class football that is within him.

There have been players who lost their form unaccountably after helping to win the Cup. Not even hard trying has been of any use.

But I wouldn't necessarily number Jimmie Cowan, who helped Aston Villa to win the Cup way back in 1897, among those.

Jimmie lost his form afterwards. The directors told him they thought he was ill and should go for a holiday to his native Scotland to regain speed, vim and verve.

And Jimmie did. Imagine the surprise of the team, therefore, to get a message almost at once telling them he had won the Powderhall Handicap, the greatest sprint on earth.

His next sprint was back to his team —almost immediately. And there was no trace of loss of form after that.

I have mentioned certain players who have only themselves to blame for the ruin that has followed their Cup appearances.

There is another aspect—the player whose career is injured through no fault of his own.

When Wolverhampton surprised everybody by beating Newcastle United in the Final in 1908, there was a great deal of talk about betting influencing the result. Fortunately for the game nothing was proved.

The poison-tongue can be mightier than pen *or* sword where the fair names of successful people are concerned.

The most persistent and obviously unfounded rumour affecting a footballer's good name that I ever heard followed the defeat of Aston by West Bromwich in the Cup Final—I shall picture all the thrills of that match again on Saturday.

There came a crop of persistent rumours to the effect that the game had been sold. And as if that were not absurd enough, the name of a certain well-known player was soon being talked about.

Not to be bought

He was very brave, but his enthusiasm for the game died. Not all the gold of Arabia would have induced him to depart from the straight path of true sportsmanship.

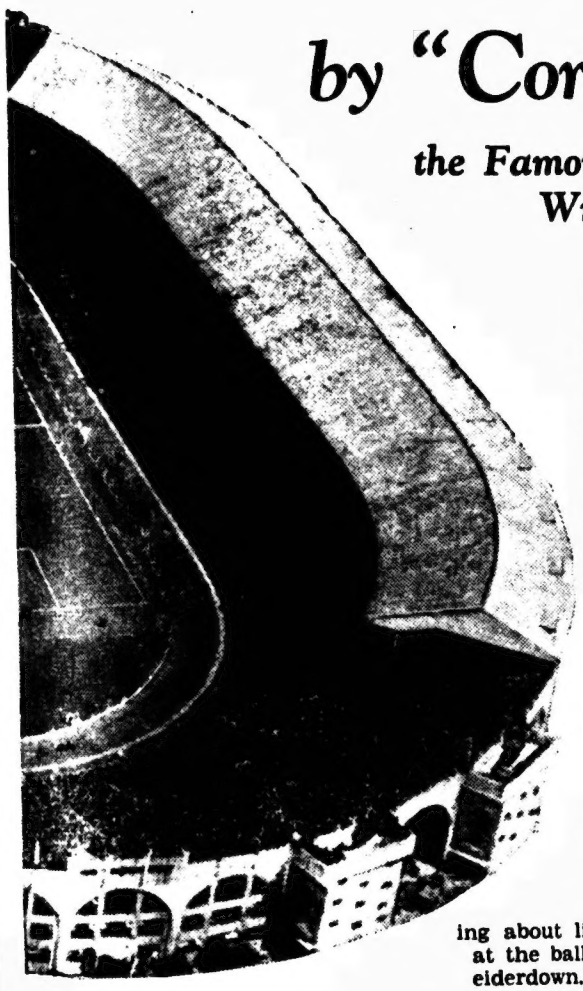
I remember seeing a goalkeeper being beaten by a deceptive bounce of the ball when keeping goal in a Cup Final. And I recall hearing the popular talk

On Saturday there will be one man among those massed thousands who will see more than the game that is being played. He is "Corinthian"—look with him into the comedies and tragedies of the past

Newcastle's young genius, Weaver, will be one of Arsenal's deadliest dangers . . .

—MEN CUP-FINALS HAVE BROKEN

by "Corinthian," the Famous Football Writer



as I left the ground to the effect that "a Welshman had given away the only goal of the match to a Welsh team."

I saw for myself how heart-broken the player was at his misfortune, and I tell you it made me long for a Russian knout with which to trounce his traducers.

All the money in the British Isles would not have bought that winning goal from this fine player.

Cardiff's win as recently as five years ago will make me remember on Saturday that teams as well as individuals suffer from success.

Fickle crowds

Just think—Cup winners in 1927, when they were a First Division team; appealing for subscriptions to save the team within three years; and to-day not too well placed in the Third Division. That is Cardiff's recent history.

Their failure is not their own fault. The Cardiff public lost interest in them when they had a few losses in the year after their Cup Final success.

Crowds, like some players, are spoiled by success. What comes after seems drab and uninteresting by contrast. That is why Cardiff might still be a successful First Division club if they had not won the biggest laurel football has to confer.

There is much more I shall conjure up from the past on Saturday.

I shall see the one-man match of 1913, when Villa met Sunderland. The game seemed to be between Harry Hampton, the Villa centre-forward, and Thomson, the Sunderland centre-half: the former a terrier, the latter a giant.

Who will forget Harry charging the great knees of Thomson when he had jumped into mid-air, and bringing him down in a crash that seemed at first to have broken every bone in his body? He was cautioned and nearly ordered off, but it was just an overzealous moment in a great duel—and they are great friends to-day.

And I shall see the biggest man who ever played in a Cup Final, Bill Ffoulke, the 22½-stone goalkeeper for Sheffield United when they won the Cup in 1902, springing about like a cat, throwing himself at the ball as if he were as light as an eiderdown, holding a muddy ball with a giant, single, open hand as if it were a mere orange.

Bill's only Cup Final tragedy was a small one, although it seemed big to him. A newspaper erroneously described him as 24 stone, and he nearly began a massacre of Fleet Street. "I am not going to be made out to be fat," he growled.

I shall remember Billie Meredith, of course. He helped Manchester City to beat Bolton for the Cup in 1904, and was still Cup-fighting at fifty. Who can forget him with a quill tooth-pick ever in his mouth, old enough to be a grandpapa and yet fleet enough and lithe enough to be the model for a speed mascot on a sports car?

I shall think of Jack Sharp, who dazzled when his team, Everton, beat Newcastle in 1906—and I shall think of his remarkable story.

It was Bert Sharp that Aston Villa wanted when they went down to Hereford for a new player, but Bert said he wouldn't leave his brother. So Jack had to be taken as well by the Aston directorate.

Well, Bert was forgotten as a footballer within three months. And Jack went on to become far-famed as a first-class footballer, one of the best cricketers Lancashire ever played, and a regular member of the all-England cricket team.

I saw him set the seal on his sporting career in that 1906 Cup Final. He was brilliant. And on Saturday I shall have comparisons with him to make.

It is a Great Adventure, this Cup Final, and perhaps some players break themselves on it because it so so big. All great adventures have their victims.

The prayer

How important it is to the player I realised when I once saw a famous International praying in his room for Divine guidance in his play just before the match.

Bob Crompton, one of the greatest players who ever lived, winner of the record number of twenty-five International caps when he played for Blackburn Rovers, would have given everything he had ever done in football for that one Cup medal that resembles little more than a five-shilling piece. But it never came his way

Men have died thinking of "the Cup."

Said Mr. Ansell, for many years president of Aston Villa, when he reached a ripe old age: "I wish I could see the team win the Cup just once more."

He did, and died happy within a few months.

And when Mr. Harry Morris, late president of the Birmingham club, was ill, he told his manager that he would pass out without a worry "if we could win the Cup."

So great was his love of the game, so great his longing for the famous trophy, that almost his last words were the message to his son, a keen director of the club: "Never mind, lad; we did get into the Final, didn't we?"

I have said that many are made by it and not a few spoiled. The strange thing is that so many of those on whom it puts its curse are the most brilliant of players.

I wonder—will there be any on Saturday's field on whom the curse will fall?

I pray not.

As cool as a veteran—Arsenal's brilliant youngster, Bastin

The Worst Thing

Homely Wisdom

by CANON R. J. CAMPBELL, D.D.

I HAVE a friend staying with me just now who has a considerable reputation as an administrator of ability and experience. He knows as much about human nature, both in its good and bad aspects, as any man living.

A letter from a JOHN BULL reader in trouble had come in, and after reading it I said to my friend, "What is the worst thing that can happen to a man?"

He replied, "The loss of his soul."

"Speak more plainly," I rejoined, "say exactly what you mean by the loss of the soul."

He responded: "In one of Rudyard Kipling's earlier stories four Europeans are represented as living in a spot remote from civilisation. They are two married couples, and each of the two husbands tries to seduce the other's wife.

"They find each other out and are then faced with the horrible problem of having to go on living together without a spark of mutual respect, an intolerable situation. Each man knew himself for a dirty cad, and knew that the others knew him in the same light.

"What sort of a life could that have been for one who was compelled to see his own soul naked before his neighbour's eyes, worthless and contemptible?"

My friend's illustration is very much to the point, for many people lose their souls without knowing it or only half knowing it. They try to deceive themselves into believing that they are better than they are because their neighbours cannot see into their secret hearts.

But it is a fatal moment when the veil of illusion is torn from a man's self-love and he can no longer pretend to himself that he is anything but a pitiable skunk. Nothing worse can happen to him than to have to face that revelation and feel that there is no hope of reversing the verdict.

Every other kind of trouble is bearable, however dreadful, however crushing. Trouble that does not kill the soul may sometimes kill the body; but who would not prefer it to the state of him who knows himself to be morally rotten and is without hope of ever being anything better?

The late Lord Haldane has recorded that when he went to visit poor Oscar Wilde in prison he could not for a long time elicit a single word from him. Hating himself and the world that had cast him out, Wilde sat as if turned to stone, ignoring the visitor's sympathy and offers of service.

In the end, however, Haldane's gentle kindness did awaken some flicker of recognition in that broken man of genius, and the result was that terrible outcry of a soul in hell, "The Ballad of Reading Jail."

"We did not dare to breathe a prayer
Or to give our anguish scope:
Something was dead in each of us,
And what was dead was hope."

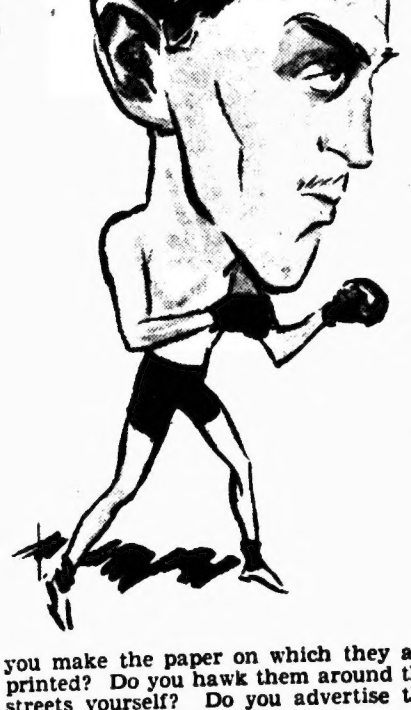
Reader if you are up against it just now in one of life's bitter trials, let nothing persuade you that you are enduring the worst that could befall. So long as you play the game all is not lost. But if you begin to play tricks with your soul you are in greater peril than from any form of suffering.

The knowledge that you have tried to do your best is always some consolation in trouble. A good conscience is a good friend.

TWO OPEN LETTERS

LORD KNEBWORTH *to Hannen Swaffer*

You Live on Other People's Work



DEAR MR. SWAFFER,—

I have been sent your open letter to my mother, Lady Lytton, in JOHN BULL, and feel that an open letter, no less than a personal one, deserves the courtesy of a reply.

You have made the common mistake of accepting as gospel truth what you read in the papers. You have written a long and rather offensive letter on the strength of a *Daily Mail* headline. I should have thought that you had been too long in the game to be caught that way. The whole basis of your letter is, in fact, fictitious. No one was "surprised" that the public appreciate Knebworth, but Lady Lytton, no less than the rest of us, was gratified.

When your family has embellished and loved and cherished a home for 440 years, and the day comes when it is thrown open to the public, appreciation is naturally gratifying.

I daresay there are some things which you love; I daresay Hannen Swaffer is one; and I am certain that when he is appreciated you are gratified.

Knebworth, as a matter of fact, was *bought* in 1492 by Sir Robert Lytton, and not "acquired, more or less legally, by some brutal or strong man, or someone who was very artful, or very cringing to a king."

The general tone of your letter deals in a rather slipshod and bitter way with a general question.

You say it is more gracious to take a shilling off a man for showing him your house than to take 4s. a week off him for providing him with a house. I wonder?

Because I charge rent for my land and my houses, you suggest that I am an "oppressor," "bleeding the people."

Because you receive fees for your articles and open letters you are presumably a public benefactor. You suggest that I am not in equity entitled to the income from my land, which has been "made rich by the people," but you are apparently entitled to all the rewards and income derived from your pen.

Do you print your own articles? Do you make the paper on which they are printed? Do you hawk them around the streets yourself? Do you advertise the journals in which they appear?

You are living on the work done for you by other people.

You would say that my only basis for the ownership of my land is that I inherited it. Your only basis for the ownership of your brain is that you inherited it. You improved the brain with which you were born. I improved the land which I inherited. You are apparently entitled to the increment. I am not.

If I may, in conclusion, address myself to the readers of JOHN BULL, I would like to ask them which they think the more decent way of living—to abuse other people in the Press for money, or to provide other people with the things that they need for money?

You inherited a capacity for using your pen. I inherited a property.

Perhaps we are neither of us entitled to either, but I would be ashamed to use my possessions as you use yours.

Knebworth

HANNEN SWAFFER *to Lord Knebworth*

I Live on Other People's LAND

DEAR LORD KNEBWORTH,—

I apologise for believing the *Daily Mail*. I should have known better.

Although I inherited nothing, I should have been born with more sense than that.

Seriously, you should know that, from ages immemorial, laws have been made by landlords for the protection of landlords. They have legalised the theft of commons. They have opposed the assessment of land values and fought for the continuance of a system by which we all pay tribute, workers, manufacturers, farmers, everybody, to the people that have stolen land, or inherited it, or bought it. And then sat down waiting for the population to increase. Today, they are seeking to kill town-planning. We want a better England. They want more rent.

No one need buy my articles. The publisher never does it unless, by printing them, he can make a profit.

People have to live on your land.

No one need read my articles. They are not written to please. The money paid for them is my last, and not my first, consideration.

Unless they pay rent to someone, people must sleep in the streets or live on the rates to which, in the past, they have contributed.

Laws, rigid in regard to land, do not protect me. This article, which I am writing now, may be copied all over the world, as, often, my articles are by people who will pay me no money for them, for I have no time to go to Hong Kong, and Africa, and the West Indies collecting guineas in the local county court.

If the law of copyright were as strict as the laws regarding land, I should be much richer than you.

I have, in my journalistic life, invented scores of newspaper ideas, some of which have transformed journalism. There is no copyright in ideas.

Inventors of all kinds are the victims of the law. Even when they are lucky, their ownership in their own invention lasts for only a term of years.

Something your ancestor was lucky enough to possess in 1492 goes on for ever, dependent always on the work and the striving of other people.

If the work of a man's own brain is his under the law for only two generations at the most, must land go on exacting, for ever, its toll from the lives of all the people who do not own it?

If I had never been born, if I had never sweated and toiled fourteen hours a day for seven days a week, since I was sixteen, mastering my business, never considering the reward, never trying to please or seeking to flatter, this article would never have been written.

But your land would still be wherever it is, with or without you, just as necessary, just as one-man-owned, just as much a part of England. You did not make it.

If you had never been born, someone else would be drawing the rent. But the same people would probably be paying it.

No, I do not live on other people's work. Unfortunately, I live on other people's land.

Hannen Swaffer

CANDID COMMUNICATIONS

Colonel G. D. TURNER,
Assistant Prison Commissioner

SIR,—For sheer stupidity your remarks at a recent meeting of the Plymouth Discharged Prisoners' Aid Society could not be surpassed

Motor banditry, you declare, is so "tremendously exciting" that if you were younger you would probably be "unable to resist it."

From your official position I should have thought you would have taken a graver view of this crime.

JOHN BULL.

Sir HERBERT SAMUEL, Home Secretary:—John Ellis, ex-hangman, travels country with scaffold showing how he executed murderers. Your duty to stop this gruesome exhibition. — JOHN BULL.

Dr. BENTLEY PURCHASE,
Coroner for St. Pancras, London

DEAR DOCTOR,—At an inquest on a lad who died of lockjaw following a wound from a toy blank-cartridge pistol, you said it was the third case of its kind you had dealt with since Christmas.

You added that this type of pistol is made abroad and sold here very cheaply, but you cannot see the necessity for it.

I go further—the Home Office should prohibit its sale entirely.

JOHN BULL.

Master WILLIE READ,
Manor Estate, Sheffield

DEAR WILLIE,—Instead of telling your mother you had broken an arm, you concealed it from her and, going to school next day, sat for an examination. When this was over, and your injury discovered, you said it was "now't."

You were a rascal for not reporting the accident when it happened—but an uncommonly courageous one.

JOHN BULL.

RUSSELL GETGOOD, South London:—Though only sixteen, you grappled with raider of shop where you are employed. Admire your pluck—you've already made good. — JOHN BULL.

Sir E. GRAHAM-LITTLE, M.P.,
Wimpole Street, London, W.1

DEAR SIR,—The English are losing their appetite for danger, you complain, and are unwilling to leave a community in which they are coddled to face the problems of a new country.

Nonsense! The stories of heroism I publish so frequently are sufficient to disprove this charge. And, in view of the terrible reports about stranded English people in the Dominions, do you think this is the best time to emigrate?

JOHN BULL.

Mrs. JANE PADY, Bristol: On your hundredth birthday you went alone to big store and treated yourself to new hat. I think you modern girls are wonderful.—JOHN BULL.

Det.-Constable E. BIRD,
City of London Police

DEAR SIR,—When you arrested a youth for theft, you found that he was all alone in the world and living in extreme poverty.

Before charging him, you gave him a square meal, helped him during the week-end, and testified to his good character before the Bench.

Any officer would do the same, you explain. Yes, that's why I'm proud of our police force—and it must be proud of you.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. JAMES LOWDEN,
Whitburn Colliery, Durham

DEAR SIR,—Rather than waste time, you went hand over hand down the precipitous cliff face of a disused quarry to the rescue of a boy who had fallen a hundred feet and broken a leg.

For half the distance you were helped by a slender waterpipe, but then came an overhang, with the cliff caving inwards and the pipe dangling in mid-air.

I salute you as a very brave man.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. A. DENVILLE, M.P.,
London, S.W.1

DEAR SIR,—When you arrived at Westminster as a new Member and went into the corridor where hats and coats are hung you found on every hook a large piece of red tape.

And you said to yourself: "Abandon hope, all ye that enter here."

As you rightly say, red tape is one of the curses of Whitehall—and I admire you for your fight against it in the interests of men who were disabled in the war. The sacrifices they made for their country should make their small pensions immune from the Means Test.

JOHN BULL.

It's a *Better* EMPIRE *than* EVER

by A. G. GARDINER

THERE is, I think, no reason to get excited or lose our tempers over the situation that has arisen through President De Valera's action in Ireland.

It that action really interprets the wish of the Irish people it will be implemented. If it is decided that the oath must go, it will go. If the Dail and Senate endorse the refusal to pay the land annuities they will be unpaid.

And if, as seems probable, Mr. De Valera and his party want to "cut the painter" altogether, it will be cut. The Irish Free State must be the guardian of its own interests and of its own standard of honour, and if it resolves to repudiate the Treaty of 1921 and all its commitments under that Treaty there is no doubt the thing will be done.

Good for England

Certainly there will be no question of force in the matter. Nothing is further from the mind of any and every party in this country than that we should reopen the long and happily closed chapter of Anglo-Irish conflict.

Even the most obstinate of Unionist Die-Hards would not wish that. After seven centuries of strife we have had ten years of blissful peace, and we have made the discovery that, whether Home Rule is or is not a good thing for Ireland, it is certainly a good thing for England.

In leaving Ireland to govern itself we have found that for the first time we are free to govern ourselves.

The price we paid for maintaining our supremacy in Ireland was that we made the Irish supreme in England. We would not return to that state of things if we could and we could not if we would.

* * *

In the end it will not be sentimental considerations, but plain bread-and-butter facts which will govern the issue. The question that Ireland has to decide is whether she will be better off inside the British Commonwealth of Nations or outside as a foreign, independent, self-contained Republic.

I leave out of the calculation here the question whether a clean-cut from Great Britain will be in her interests.

That consideration is important. Ninety per cent. of Ireland's export trade is done with this country, and though, of course, the proportion of our export trade which is done with Ireland is much less, the volume of that trade is even more, and obviously it is to the advantage of both countries that the business should be conducted with the least possible friction.

There is, moreover, the important question of citizenship. This affects Ireland much more than Great Britain.

The number of Irish-born people settled on this side of the Channel is much larger than in the reverse case. Many of these are engaged in the professions and in the Civil Service, and still more are in receipt of the insurance and old age benefits of this country.

The position of these people in the event of Ireland choosing to become an independent Republic would become a problem of considerable difficulty.

Finally, the change in the relations of the Free State and Ulster cannot be left out of account.

But at the moment I am concerned with the larger question whether it will pay Ireland better to stay in or go outside the British Commonwealth of Nations. Much, of course, depends upon what view is taken of that system. Is it a reality and has it a future? Or is it the empty shell of an idea that is exhausted?

One thing is incontrovertible. The whole system has undergone a complete transformation within the life of this generation. Imperialism in relation to the self-governing dominions is as dead as mutton.

The last nail in its coffin was driven home when Campbell-Bannerman conceded full self-government to South Africa and the last blow on that nail was delivered when the Irish Free State was set up.

Substantial shadow

There is no longer a shred of pretence that the Parliament at Westminster exercises an atom of real control over affairs at Canberra or Cape Town, Dublin or Ottawa.

Australia has even ceased to look to this country for a figurehead to fill the post of Governor-General. Canada sends her own representative to Washington All the Dominions have independent membership of the League of Nations.

"His choice will decide the fate of Ireland for generations"
—Mr. de Valera

And the recent Westminster Act is only the final confirmation of the fact that in all domestic and even external affairs the Dominions are as politically independent as the Government of Washington

In view of all it might be assumed that the British Commonwealth is merely the shadow of a great name. In fact, I believe the contrary to be the case.

In getting rid of the last remnants of Imperialism the system has been reincarnated on a voluntary basis. In the new atmosphere of freedom from central interference there is developing a sense of cordial co-operation and mutual interest founded on certain fundamental facts.

Among these are a common origin, a common speech, similarity of laws and customs and a like habit of mind in the approach both to business and public affairs.

Add to all this the common problem of defence and the tradition of close intercourse in trade and social matters and we have the basis of a free and voluntary relationship which is cementing the Commonwealth on a new and better plan than that of the past.

Evidence of the working of the new spirit is apparent in many directions. Take the case of South Africa. The dregs of the old, evil past still linger there, and when General Hertzog succeeded Smuts as Prime Minister it seemed quite possible that the break would come, for he represented the hard-shell Boer of the back veldt. But to-day he is a pillar of the Commonwealth and appeals to President De Valera to pursue a policy of moderation.

I know it is suggested that he and Mr. Lyons have been inspired from London; but those who make the suggestion do not know Hertzog. He has not been converted to the Commonwealth by any sentimental motive.

He has been converted to it because he realises that the Commonwealth is a good business proposition. He means that South Africa shall remain a member of it, and he does not want to have an Irish complication added to all the racial problems he already has on his hands.

Which way?

This is still more the case with Mr. Lyons. Australia has a large Irish community, and he is naturally anxious that that community should not automatically become a foreign element of the population.

Thes. are among the considerations which every Irishman who looks to the future and not to the past must weigh carefully in this crisis. We may assume that Mr. De Valera himself is weighing them, for while, on the one hand, he talks as if the repudiation of the Treaty was in his mind, on the other he speaks as though he contemplated taking part in the Ottawa Conference, which is in a very real sense the inauguration of the new British Commonwealth.

He cannot pursue both goals, for they lie in opposite directions. His choice will decide the fate of Ireland for generations. I hope he will choose with his eye on the future and not on the past.

Not from the B.B.C.—Captain G. S. (Sandy) McNeil on—

SINS of the SEA

DON'T sing me songs of praise about the Navy,
Don't talk to me about our "jolly tars";
For though other folk may laud
British sailors and applaud,
I shall carefully refrain from loud hurrahs!

The Navy, like so many institutions,
Is surely drawing nearer, day by day,
To the dogs, and very soon
We may reckon it a boon
If our sailors don't get seasick on the way!

The officers are full of pretty theories,
The ratings very rarely go to sea;
Men and officers, 'tis plain,
Though I state the fact with pain,
Are inferior to seaman such as me!

Thus crudely put, my views may seem to lack modesty; but Captain "Sandy" McNeil is not the man to be deterred from saying what he thinks for fear of being accused of taking part in a personal swanksgiving service.

I meant just what I said when I told the Press that England now has a Navy without sea legs and the day may come when a large proportion of the Navy may be seasick when it puts to sea.

Since I retired from the command of the *Mauretania* I have had plenty of spare time in which to brood on the decadence of the world in general and the nautical world in particular, and I adhere to my statement that the naval officers of to-day are full of theory and without practice There is, as I said, "nothing of the sailor about them. They have not even the right lining to their tummies."

* * *

Some critics suggest that it is scarcely seemly for a retired seaman to talk in this way. But when they urge that "Dog don't eat dog," I can only reply that this does not apply to sea dogs.

In any case, the men I am criticising are not sailors. It is, so to speak, a mere accident of "berth" that they happen to be in the Navy; for, damitall, they are like a lot of soldiers! And what good are soldiers at sea?

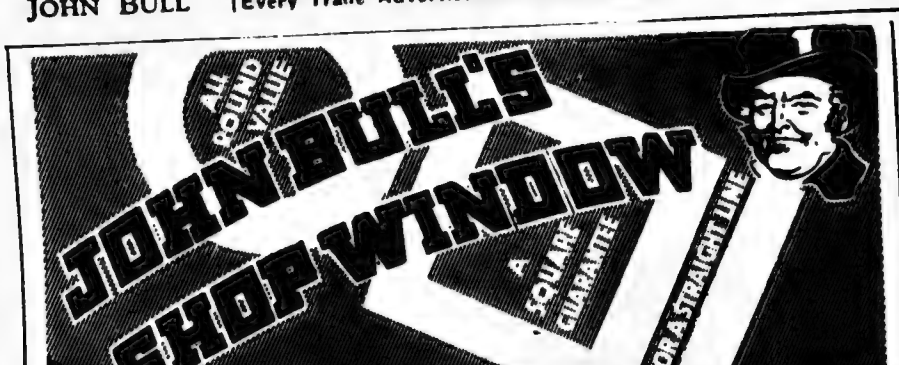
The merchant service is almost as bad as the Navy. Forty per cent. of the young men who go to sea nowadays are not physically fit for their jobs. I have myself been in a battleship when every officer but one was sick! What's that? No, I absolutely refuse to mention the name of the One!

And what, you ask, is the cure for all this? The cure, as I told the Press, is obvious—we must train our sailors in sailing ships once again!

My logic's unassailable, my attitude is sane;
On out-of-date three-masters the British tar would gain
A valuable knowledge, which to help him could not fail
When he's on a super-Dreadnought which is innocent of sail!

If shooting in the Army isn't what it used to be,
This soon would be amended if you left the job to me!
If at bow-and-arrow practice Tommy laboured with a will,
A machine-gun, by this method, he would learn to work with skill!

Put back the rum old universe and give me yesterday,
When sailing ships sailed o'er the seas!
This is the only way
To save the British Navy! . . . Or, if it would not do *that*,
'Twould save our Sandy's face when he is talking through his hat!



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Major-General Sir Wyndham Childs' Weekly Informations

Yachtsman's £40,000 Frauds

LAST summer I issued a special warning against the Economic Finance Corporation, Ltd., then occupying offices in South London, from which it was offering tempting share bargains.

I urged my readers not to be taken in by this company's outward show of prosperity, its impressive literature and pretentious claims.

It is now abundantly clear that the warning was justified.

The registered directors were two men with little or no knowledge of company matters, whose stability may be gauged when I say that they have since been unable to pay the rent of the rooms which formed their temporary residence.

They were mere dummies for an uncannily clever financial crook of many aliases who, for the purposes of this scheme, passed as Arthur Crawley.

Until recently he was living in great style at Westcliff-on-Sea, maintaining his own yacht and entertaining lavishly on the proceeds of his investment coups.

Although I have the satisfaction of having warned my readers, I am sorry to say that the Economic Finance Corporation has still been able to find investors in various parts of the country, and its liabilities to-day stand at £40,000!

* * *

One victim is a doctor, who is the poorer by £1,200; another is a retired business man, who has lost £5,000.

The Corporation's offices have been abandoned, and the police are being inundated with complaints.

But it must not be thought that Crawley is resting on his oars. I have discovered that he is still very actively seeking fresh victims.

Yachtsman Arthur Crawley wearing that £40,000 look

He has joined forces with one Harold Betts, at Moorgate Station Chambers, London, where he is now busily operating in the name of John Powell and Company.

One circular, recently issued in this name, invites the public to participate in what is described as "Operation B. 28."

Finance is required, it seems, to carry through a transaction in copra.

John Powell and Company does not propose to do any buying and selling. That is being done by a merchant who has agreed to let the company have half his profit on the deal if it can furnish him with the capital.

Investors are told that the whole transaction will be completed in little more than a month, when they will get their money back, plus 15s. 7d. on every £5 subscribed. This profit is said to be "assured."

But this is only one proposition. Another even more audacious attempt to fleece inexperienced investors concerns a supposed "market deal" in South African mining shares.

John Powell and Company professes to have inside information that certain shares are to treble in value within "the next two or three months."

Yet, with characteristic generosity, it is prepared to let the public "come in."

Two stipulations are made, however. Each "valued client" must limit his investment to £2 12s. 6d., and must be prepared to place full trust in the company. The need for this trust is explained by the assertion that absolute secrecy is essential to the success of the transaction!

Although John Powell and Company declares that it has a call option on 50,000 of the shares, it prefers not to divulge the name of the South African mining company involved! In other words, investors are being asked to buy a pig in a poke!

Parson cat's-paw

Complaints are already being received regarding John Powell and Company's precious investment schemes, and in view of what I have disclosed above this is not altogether surprising.

Crawley is a rogue with a very bad record, and has been behind scores of swindling company ventures, while his new colleague, Betts, can also claim a fairly long experience in shady share schemes.

On one occasion he even induced a clergyman to use his influence in distributing worthless shares among his congregation!

Betts is also a close associate of a rogue named Ford, with whom he has controlled dubious ventures that, at a very modest estimate, must have brought them in £100,000.

It is not necessary to enumerate all Betts' schemes, but I may as well mention that one of his last, run from the City little more than a year ago, earned him a sentence of six months' imprisonment when it crashed with liabilities of £30,000!

Nor is that all. Crawley is now the subject of complaints in connection with a spurious crossword competition he recently ran from another office in the City.

Handsome prizes were offered to attract entrants in all parts of the country, but not a penny was ever paid out!

The swindling companies with which Crawley has been involved are legion, while he is also an undischarged bankrupt to the tune of approximately £20,000.

The complete rogue

He has been in and out of jail repeatedly for his various financial frauds, but he seems quite incorrigible.

Not long ago, for instance, he was impudently posing as the son of a titled man with vast possessions in Wales. Many of his dupes, impressed by stories of this kind, are very much the poorer to-day in consequence.

It is certain that his present operations call for the fullest official enquiry.

As I say, I had the privilege of warning readers against the Economic Finance Corporation; and I warn them now against John Powell and Company.

I hope that the affairs of both concerns may receive the attention of the Director of Public Prosecutions.

New Blow for a Wounded Warder

TO be thrown on the scrap-heap after devoting half a lifetime to State service is the unhappy reward of Mr. Alfred P. Hopping, of Clyde Street, Adamsdown, Cardiff.

Thirty of Mr. Hopping's sixty-five years have been spent in the prison service—ten years as a day officer and twenty years as a night watchman in Cardiff Prison.

Mr. Hopping attained the age of sixty-five years on October 26, 1931. On that date he was due to retire from the prison service.

Despite his thirty years of loyal, conscientious service, he was due to retire without a pension because he ranked as a "temporary"—that pariah rank of the Civil Service which ordains that a man is only temporarily employed after twenty or thirty years' ungrudging service on small pay.

* * *

On September 23, 1931, while Mr. Hopping was on duty, a prisoner, a man named Patrick Fahey, escaped from his cell, and struck him a terrific blow upon the back of the head with an iron bar.

The blow stunned Mr. Hopping, and he fell and rolled a distance of over 40 ft. from the cell gangway to the basement.

Now mark the dates. The murderous assault upon Mr. Hopping took place on September 23, 1931. On October 26 he was due to retire.

Between those dates Mr. Hopping was suffering from the effects of the assault, and during the period he was paid compensation at the rate of 25s. per week.

When the vital date, October 26, came, the compensation payments ceased, and a lump sum, one of £41 1s. 9d., due to him as a service gratuity, was paid.

Since then he has not received a penny.

* * *

He has been ruthlessly discarded after thirty years' exemplary service, and now has nothing but the old-age pension of 10s. a week.

Mr. Hopping is unmarried and has very few relations, being, from all practical standpoints, entirely alone in the world.

His chance of obtaining other work to eke out his old-age pension is negligible, for his adult life has been spent in the prison service, and he is not equipped to enter into the employment arena of industry. His record of service is an exemplary one.

The murderous assault made upon him has affected Mr. Hopping's health.

The head and scalp wounds caused by the iron bar and his fall have healed, but those who know him well declare that he is not the man he was before the assault.

And small wonder. Few men of sixty-five years could stand a battering upon the head with an iron bar, fall over 40 ft., and recover completely from the effects of such rough handling.

Yet, despite the fact that these dreadful injuries were sustained by Mr. Hopping in the course of his normal duties, the authorities have offered no adequate redress.

The niggardly sum he has received by way of supposed compensation is adding insult to injury.

* * *

Mr. Hopping's case calls for immediate consideration by the Home Secretary.

It is monstrous that this faithful and loyal Government servant should be left to spend the evening of his life in want and misery.

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Strange Treatment OF DYING HUSBAND

Mrs. Cresswell, herself a trained nurse, was aghast at what she witnessed at the infirmary

THERE is one blot upon the British hospital service to-day—the infirmary, which is the sole shelter of the poor in illness.

Compared with the cheeriness and smooth efficiency of the ordinary voluntary general hospital, its wards are often bleak and its system has that cold inhuman quality which seems inseparable from poor-law control.

It is useless to conceal the fact that few people who have once had to undergo treatment in a rates-maintained hospital will willingly return there, even in extremity.

Good medical administration is offset by the harshness and severity of the organisation.

Take the circumstances in which Mr. William Cresswell, aged thirty-five, of Albany Street, Regent's Park, died a few days ago in Highgate Hospital, a London County Council institution. They form a terrible indictment.

Cresswell was out of work, and when he fell ill his wife found employment in a hotel at 19s. per week to maintain him and their child.

His condition became serious, and he required invalid luxuries and constant nursing. Mrs. Cresswell provided the first as far as possible, even pawning her wedding-ring to do so, but she could not be with him and also at her work.

Wife's care

There was no choice but to send him to hospital, and as there was no possibility of the wife being able to pay for his treatment, he had to be admitted to the Highgate institution.

Cresswell was, without question, suffering from acute pneumonia, and the order for his reception to hospital was signed to that effect by the family doctor, who also added a query as to the possibility of tuberculosis being present.

While Cresswell was at home his doctor had advised that to save his life he should be bandaged in cotton-wool and kept continuously in an unvarying state of warmth.

To ensure no risk of chill on the ambulance journey to hospital, Mrs. Cresswell, therefore, dressed him in thick woollen shirts and heavy pyjamas and placed hot-water bottles among the wrapping of blankets.

She is herself a trained nurse, and she looked on amazed at what happened when her husband was carried into the receiving room of the hospital.

An attendant went to his stretcher, threw out the water bottles and, garment by garment, stripped him of his warm coverings, even to the cotton-wool. A single blanket was then placed round his naked body and another thrown on top of him.

They always do it . . .

Mrs. Cresswell and a neighbour who had accompanied her protested against this extraordinary treatment of a man who was bathed in the perspiration of advanced pneumonia, and to whom a change in temperature might so easily prove fatal.

They were told that, whatever their condition, the stripping bare of all patients before they were put to bed in the wards was the routine practice.

The wife expected that Cresswell would at least be removed promptly to a ward. She did not know, however, what can happen in a poor-law hospital.

Her husband, with the clothing in which he had arrived lying in a pile beside him, lay cold and shivering in the reception room for *fifty-five minutes* before a doctor came to authorise his removal to a ward.

Ghoulish jest

During that time an official armed with forms and a pencil pestered him with questions about his personal history. The poor fellow on the stretcher tried to do his best to answer, but only mumbled responses came.

The interrogation became so severe and the questioner so persistent that Mrs. Cresswell had to beg him to stop, pointing out that her husband was very near to death, and there was no reason why the questions should not be put to her.

"Rules of the hospital," declared the official, adding: "If he is only thirty-five, you wouldn't like it if we put fifty-five on his coffin, would you?"

Mrs. Cresswell was aghast at such brutal speech, which even the very sick man lying near could hear.

At long last a doctor appeared and ordered Cresswell, certified to be suffering from pneumonia, to be taken to the *tuberculosis* ward.

Next day Mrs. Cresswell went with a friend to the hospital, only to find her husband worse and suffering acutely from thirst and want of nourishment.

The doctor, according to his case sheet, had made an order when he was received in the ward on the previous day that his diet was to be fluid—jelly and custard.

Cresswell told his wife that he had got none of these things. Instead, a nurse had brought him a pint of very strong-looking tea, but he had been unable even to taste that because he was not given a feeding-cup and was told he must drink it from a large mug which he had not the strength to hold.

For the next meal, he was given a plateful of boiled mutton, which also, of course, he was unable to take.

When the nurse in charge was asked to explain why such strange food as strong tea and boiled mutton was being provided for a patient in a critical condition and on special diet, she replied that nothing else was possible in a poor-law hospital

If a doctor ordered special food on, say, Monday, the organisation was such that it would not be supplied until Wednesday.

On the following day, Mrs. Cresswell found her husband weak and unable to speak. She left instructions with the hospital officials that if he became worse a message should be telephoned to a police station near her home.

"No chance"

She also arranged with the officer in charge of the station that any message should be conveyed to her at once.

Late that night no news had come, but, from her experiences of the hospital, Mrs. Cresswell could not rid herself of a fear that all was not well.

She went to the institution and learned at the porter's lodge that her husband was dead. She could get no answer to her question why word had not been sent to her.

Mrs Cresswell approached a member of the hospital medical staff and described the astounding treatment of her husband which had been witnessed by herself and a friend

"He had no chance in any case," said the doctor. "These tuberculosis cases are very difficult when they have gone so far."

The widow protested that if her husband had been diagnosed and treated as a tuberculosis case, a monstrous mistake had been made because he was certainly suffering from pneumonia.

She insisted that a *post-mortem* examination be made.

Letter to the dead

This examination took place and upon the result of it a certificate was given that the cause of death was pneumonia.

Five days after he died, although they must have been aware of his death, the poor-law authorities addressed a letter personally to Mr. Cresswell in hospital asking him questions about his circumstances and suggesting that he should pay £3 4s. weekly towards his maintenance in this wretched institution!

Any one of the facts which we have related regarding the tragedy of William Cresswell's death is in itself a scandal; together they must cause the gravest disquietude as to the general administration of municipal hospitals.

The Human Machine

Which are You?

"LIFE as I see it," once wrote a keen observer, "is not a location but a journey. The man who feels himself most 'settled' is not settled at all; he is probably sagging back. Everything is in flux and was meant to be. Life flows. We may live at the same number in the same street, but it is never the same man who lives there."

Yes—life flows; and if it does not flow forward it ebbs backwards. If we do not progress we decay. The one thing we cannot do is to stand still. Physically, mentally and spiritually we must either advance or retreat.

The only way to ensure progress is to wake up each morning afresh and keep wide-awake all day. More, we must wake up to-day with ideas that are suitable for to-day. It is no use at all waking up to-day with ideas and habits that belong to yesterday.

The words that should be burnt into the brains of any man who is really alive are "Forward—Onward!" There is something new to be done to-day—how can we do it? There is something fresh to be found—where? There is a new idea to be given to the world—how can it be expressed?

But who is to do all this? You! Who else? You've got a brain. You can think. You can act. Why not you?

There are really only two kinds of people in the world—those who get ahead and do things, and those who are content to leave everything to someone else; people born tired, in fact, and people who are only happy when they are helping the world to wag round smoothly.

Which are you?

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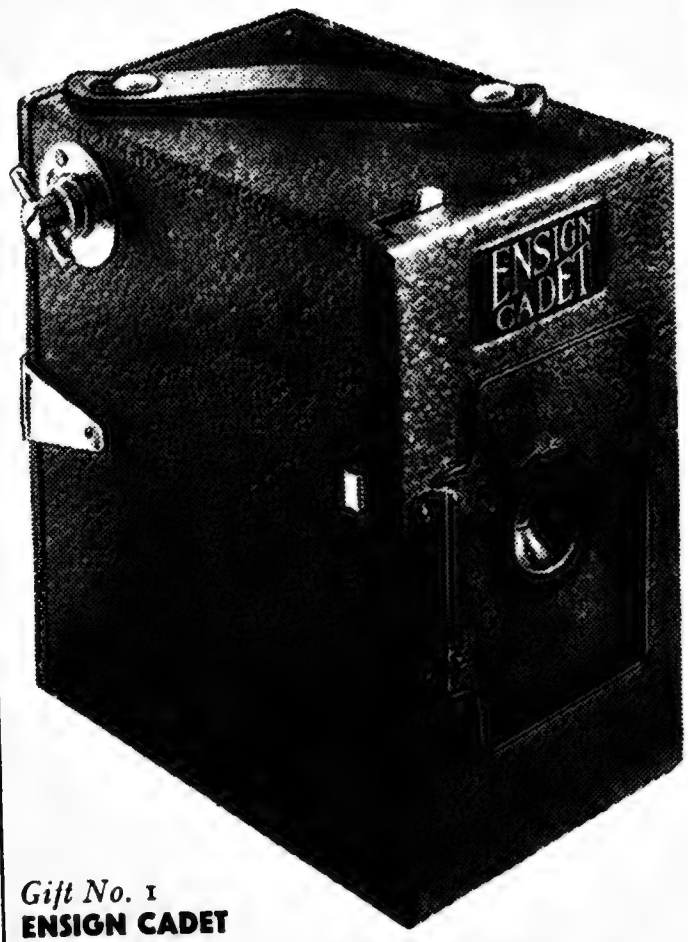

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VILLAINS Who Make Us Eat POISON

Smithfield Market. No bad meat hangs from these hooks

BEHIND the recent conviction of a man named William Francis Humphreys for depositing bad meat in Smithfield Market, London, lies an astounding story.

For some reason or other the case has not been reported and the public has consequently been left entirely in the dark regarding one of the most disquieting scandals of the day.

Humphreys, whose home is in Friars Road, Acton, was found to have deposited three beef heads and hearts that were definitely diseased and twelve quarters of beef that were unsound and unfit for human food.

The quarters represented three cows, but certain parts had been removed to destroy evidence of taint. The heads, however, were certified by an inspector for the Finsbury Borough Council to be saturated with tuberculosis.

Humphreys has been sent to prison for three months; and there, apparently, the case has been allowed to end.

We do not think it should end there. From enquiries we have made it is quite evident that this is a scandal of national importance.

Cheap and nasty

While it is satisfactory to know that the prompt intervention of an alert inspector prevented this bad meat from being offered for sale, the public ought to know how it is possible for such unwholesome food to reach the London market at all.

In this instance, we can reveal, the meat was brought from Wiltshire by motor lorry, and the scandal is heightened by the disclosure that it was part of a consignment that had already been condemned by local authorities.

It was bought at 3s. a cwt. for cat's-meat; and it all but reached the public as sound food!

Humphreys lied freely when questioned by the authorities in London, saying that he had purchased the animals alive from his uncle in Somerset; that they had been killed in a slaughterhouse in Melksham, Wilts, and that the missing portions had been stolen in transit.

Actually, the authorities have discovered that the meat came from a knacker's yard in Devizes and belonged to three cows condemned under the Tuberculosis Order of 1925!

His profit

The knackerman in question purchased the three animals for 11s. 6d. each: Humphreys stood to gain about £17 10s.

It may be wondered how this young man—he is only twenty-four—came to learn that this meat was going cheaply in Wiltshire.

The answer is that in spite of his comparative youth he is an old offender where the marketing or attempted marketing of slink meat is concerned.

Within the past four years, we find, he has had twenty-one convictions registered against him!

In November last fourteen summonses were taken out against him for being in possession of unsound meat, deposited in a motor van for the purposes of sale.

He was fined £20 on the first and £1 on the remaining thirteen, with £5 5s. costs in addition.

Other offences which have been brought home to him include exposing for sale a diseased ox's head and depositing diseased beef, pork and lamb with a view to sale.

Nor does that represent the extent of his endeavours to cheat the public. Not long ago he came under the notice of the authorities and was fined, under the Merchandise Marks Act, for removing the marks from eggs imported from Belgium.

How is it, in view of this appalling record, that he was permitted to escape on the present occasion with so lenient a sentence as three months' imprisonment?

Surely the offence of attempting to market meat that is known to be unfit for human consumption is one that should be punished with the utmost rigour?

Yet here we have a young man who has been repeatedly convicted for this class of offence—not once, but on scores of occasions!

Nor is Humphreys' case an isolated one. We happen to know that he is the associate of other dealers in slink meat, some of whom have even worse records.

One is a man who has been convicted no fewer than thirty-five times. Another is a farmer in Somerset who has been repeatedly fined for exposing bad meat for sale.

Many convictions

High authorities in London have expressed the opinion that young Humphreys is really the tool of a gang of men who are actively engaged in the lucrative business of bringing slink meat from the provinces and disposing of it in London for food.

More than one inspector has declared that there is too much laxity in the provinces and that local authorities do not exercise sufficient vigilance after they have once condemned certain beasts.

That is to say, animals may be duly slaughtered in compliance with the Tuberculosis Order of 1925 and sold to a knackerman for cat's meat; but if he happens to be unscrupulous he may sell it on the sly to a dealer like Humphreys who is willing to run the risk of bringing the carcases to some distant market.

Only the other day a man named Francis Bolton, who has many convictions, was fined £300 for exposing bad meat for sale.

If such rascally dealers are prepared to pay fine after fine in this way, is it not proof that the game is well worth the candle? And does it not mean that they must often "get away with it"?

The whole question is one of the utmost gravity, for the menace to the public health cannot be exaggerated.

Fines and light prison sentences clearly do not act as a deterrent and a drastic tightening up of the regulations governing the sale of meat is necessary for the public protection.

We can imagine few offences more vile than that of foisting diseased food upon the public and it is certain that the punishments now inflicted are utterly inadequate

The Ministers for Health and Agriculture should get together and see that something is done.

Forgotten WAR HERO

THOUGH he was a strong, upstanding fellow when he enlisted in the Great War, Mr. James Craig, of 103, Bolton Drive, Mount Florida, Glasgow, is now a physical wreck, and has to be wheeled about his house in a bath chair.

For five years he has not been able to do any work, and it is now eighteen months since he crossed his threshold.

After a monotonous series of medical boards which began in January, 1919, when Mr. Craig was first allowed a 50 per cent. disability pension, his assessment has been reduced until he now "enjoys" a final award assessed at 20 per cent. disability—equivalent to the princely sum of 8s. per week.

This final award was made in January, 1929, and notwithstanding repeated applications for a complete review of the circumstances, the Ministry of Pensions resolutely refuses to reopen the case.

Yet it has been furnished with conclusive evidence by undoubted experts to show that Mr. Craig's lamentable condition has been brought about as the result of a bullet wound he received under the left shoulder joint.

Mr. Craig's spinal column is now practically immovable. Owing to this tragic disability, he is unable to do anything for himself, but his wife nurses him day and night.

When Mr. Craig was compelled to give up work five years ago, his wife bravely undertook to find work and help maintain their little home.

As her husband gradually became worse, however, the dauntless wife found that her husband could not be left alone for any length of time. She was forced to give up her employment and to devote all her time to nursing her husband.

But "eight shillings per week, take it or leave it, it's all you are going to get," seems to be the adamant policy of the Ministry of Pensions so far as this hapless man is concerned.

* * *

"The wound which I maintain is responsible for my present condition was sustained during the big offensive in France in 1918," Mr. Craig declares. "I suppose I may be excused for regarding it as a piece of the cruel luck which appears to have dogged me ever since that I should receive my wound during the last month of the war."

The bullet entered his back and touched his spine. The Ministry of Pensions' own record of the occurrence reads "Foreign body in region of spine. Shoulder is slightly stiff."

As a result of his wound, Craig was in hospital for a period, but when he was discharged the bullet was allowed to remain where it had lodged.

On his discharge from the Army he returned to his former occupation with a prominent firm, but he was frequently compelled to absent himself from business on account of his wound.

When the attention of the Ministry of Pensions was drawn to the serious developments in his physical condition, it was regretted that his claim could not be reviewed because the "time limit" for doing so had expired.

In awarding Craig a pension on a 20 per cent. disablement basis, it seems that the Ministry is of opinion he is fit for "light work." But, as we have said, he is quite helpless.

There is no lack of evidence to support the view that Mr. Craig's condition is due to his war wound.

Here is the opinion of two eminent Glasgow medical men, Professor Ralph Stockman, M.D., and Dr. H. E. Jones, M.B., C.M.:

"After examining carefully Craig's whole medical history and his present condition, we have been quite unable to trace any other source of infection and are of the opinion that the infection was introduced into his body by way of the gunshot wound and that his present condition is therefore the result of his war service.

"He is much disabled and will gradually become much more so."

How can Mr. Craig's claim be ignored in the face of such evidence?

"A Little Bit of Heaven"

Fire sweeping through a little home, devouring the precious contents, is one of the most dreaded sights in the world. To one of our readers, Mr. Thomas Liddell, Langley Moor, Co. Durham, it might have meant irretrievable ruin.

But John Bull came to his rescue. Being a *registered* reader, Mr. Liddell could ask John Bull to pay for the damage.

He likens the cheque for £44 which he has received to a line in that song which goes: "A little bit of heaven fell from out the sky one day."

Included in the cheque for £44 was the special 10 per cent. Bonus payable to readers who are registered for three months or more.

Further proof of the great practical value of John Bull's Free Insurance will be found on page 34.

"I stepped from the gloom of the Royal Courts of Justice—the happiest man alive"

WILLIAM H. WALLACE

—the Man they Did Not Hang—is a Liverpool insurance official.

He was sentenced to death on April 26, 1931, for the murder of his wife.

The death sentence was quashed by the Court of Criminal Appeal after Mr. Wallace had spent three weeks in the condemned cell.

Only one other similar case is on record in this country.

Mr. Wallace went back to Liverpool a free man. And then -

Read in his own words the amazing sequel.

I AM on the eve of the first anniversary of the day when I stepped from the gloom of the Royal Courts of Justice into the bright sunshine of the Strand—the happiest man alive.

I had just heard the judges of the Court of Criminal Appeal decide that I was not to be "hanged by the neck till I was dead" for the murder of my wife, of which crime I had wrongly been found guilty at Liverpool Assizes three weeks before.

During the interval I had passed my days and nights in the condemned cell at Walton Jail longing for the day when I should appear before the ultimate tribunal in the land and have removed from my forehead the brand of Cain which the jury at Liverpool had placed there.

In the corridors of the court an ever-changing bevy of learned counsel clustered about me and impeded my way out.

To them I was a unique legal curiosity—the only living person in the world who has been sentenced to death and then set free as guiltless.

And now as I passed from the Law Courts into the bright Spring sunshine and joined the crowds in the street, I could not but help feel exultant.

The brand

I was free—free of God's good air like the rest of men, instead of languishing in a narrow cell waiting for a shameful death.

Yet it was not the actual thought of death that had appalled me.

It was the dread that I, an innocent man, should pass out and only remain in other men's minds as the author of an atrocious crime. I craved to have my good name given back to me.

Restored now to my fellow-creatures and the workaday world, I thought, in my simplicity, that they would share my joy, would hasten, and never hesitate in the future, to congratulate me.

Alas! I know now by the bitter experience of the past twelve months that the world is more willing to brand a man as guilty than to acclaim him as innocent.

The greatest judges in the land might set me free. But in the streets, among my friends and acquaintances, there are those who still regard me as a creature to be shunned. The revelation fell like a thunderbolt upon me.

From the surge and bustle of the world into which I descended from the Law Courts, I went direct with the eagerness and excitement of a child to Kew Gardens. The calm and beauty of the place were entrancing, but it was not wholly for that reason I went there.

To some the inspiration of the visit may seem petty in a man of fifty-five, but let me tell it.

For twenty odd days I had been in a tiny condemned cell and had been formally notified by the prison governor of the date fixed for my execution.

Always there were two warders with me and one of them was never more than a yard away from me. For one hour in the twenty-four I was allowed outside, and, with the warders in attendance, walked to and fro along a small garden path.

By the edge of the path were growing irises and lupins.

Premonition

They became an obsession with me, these irises and lupins—in fact, my sole remaining interest in life. In my daily walks, my eyes never left them.

The plants were in bud. Almost unceasingly I propounded to myself the question—Would they be in flower before I died? Somehow, I thought, if I saw them bloom I would live.

When I was taken from Liverpool to London for the appeal hearing, I left those flower buds still unbroken.

During the tense hours I sat in the Appeal Court my thoughts often wandered far from the fight for my life. They came to rest on a prison path and a row of plants two hundred miles away.

So now you see why I flew on the wings of liberty straight to Kew Gardens, straight to the irises and the lupins. I found them flowering. The tears filled my eyes.

And it was amid that glorious sunshine in the gardens of Kew that I first realised the nipping frost of Life that would henceforth shrivel me up if it could.

If I had known at that moment the mental tortures that were to be my lot from that day on, I believe I would have decided not to face it. I think I would have preferred to choose death and oblivion.

Hostile eyes

There was nothing in my bearing to attract the attention of the groups of total strangers who were about me in the Gardens. They must have recognised me as "the man Wallace" from newspaper photographs. But recognise me they did, several of them—and their glances gave me my first chill of apprehension. I felt I had something to fear, though I did not realise yet what it was.

Very soon, however, that something was to be defined for me sharply and in a manner atrociously cruel.

At Kew also I experienced for the first time the strange sensation of becoming tinglingly aware that people who passed me had halted to turn round and stare at me. I felt instinctively I had an enemy behind me. Someone whose eyes and tongue were hostile.

How well I was to get to know that sensation!

From London I travelled home by road, and on the journey I learned that a kind of public reception would await me in Liverpool.

It may be remembered that when the assize jury returned its verdict of "Guilty" against me the gasp of astonishment that rose in the court was echoed and amplified in the Press and on the platform, and in cathedral and church special prayers were said for the guidance of my appeal judges.

When my ultimate acquittal came, this outburst of criticism of the previous verdict had prompted a number of well-meaning citizens to organise a reception for me as a token that intelligent opinion welcomed me back to the city where I had been engaged in the insurance profession and had lived happily married for eighteen years.

I appreciated the intended compliment, but rejected the idea. My wife's tragic death was still too recent and my sorrow too intense to allow participation in ceremony and acclamation.

A public reception! Well it is, indeed, that no such thing ever took place.

But I never dreamed that my private reception would be what it was.

Relatives stopped me and told me that under no circumstances must I return to or enter the neighbourhood of my home in Richmond Park where my wife had been found murdered. Timidly and somewhat vaguely they tried to convey to me the warning that I would be the object of hostile demonstration.

It sounded like nonsense. I ridiculed their fears and made up my mind to go to my old home.

Then my solicitor intervened. Bluntly, he told me that, whatever public welcome had been planned in

The Man Th

BEGINS the STORY

The WO

ey Did Not Hang

of his FIRST YEAR of FREEDOM

believe they did not know. My hell was to be worse before the truth came to me. And from these early hours of revelation I knew that the justice that had been done me by the courts would live ever side by side with the injustice of the people in the streets.

Broken and humiliated, I sped to the solitude of my native Cumberland for the solace of the lonely dales and foothills.

No one knew me in the solitary region which I chose, and warned by my Liverpool experience, I took every precaution against the disclosure of my identity.

As well might my arrival have been heralded in the skies.

Next morning wherever I strolled I was under scrutiny and could almost hear the whispering of tongues against me.

In a few hours the quiet countryside rang with my name.

The evil things said about me in the neighbourhood of my Liverpool home had spread far and wide. New sins were fastened on to me.

Slanderous tongues were then, and have been ever since, damaging my moral character. Everyone seemed anxious to join in this feast of falsehood.

Let me record here that never had I dishonoured the love my wife bore for me and I for her.

From the day I was given notification of the date the gallows would receive me, I found some consolation in the knowledge that if I had to die no one could insult my memory by linking the death of Mrs. Wallace with any acts of disloyalty to her.

Coming storm—

The explanation of the ostracism to which I was subjected when I returned to take my place in the community was that from mouth-to-mouth the lie had passed that I was a promiscuous adulterer and the father of illegitimate children. I had murdered my wife, these evil tongues said, in order to remove an obstacle to the pursuit of my illicit amours.

A month passed before I went back to my home in Liverpool.

If in that time I had tried sometimes to deceive myself that I was exaggerating the volume of slander and magnifying harmless trifles, I was soon to learn otherwise. So far I had heard only the whisperings of a coming storm.

The tempest of hostility was already blowing strong in the first days I returned to reoccupy the house in which my wife died. My appearance in the streets about my home seemed to become a signal for the withdrawal of neighbours. They retreated into their doorways to avoid me. They watched me from behind the curtains.

My dismay, after a time, became contempt. I could not resist laughing in derision when the spectacle was repeated daily of people scuttling behind their front doors into hiding and dodging down side-streets when they saw me coming.

Now and then I would come upon someone unnoticed—one of the people with whom, formerly, I was accustomed to exchange cheery salutes.

I hailed him or her as usual. A face would turn towards me and then as suddenly be averted in confusion. There was not even a mumbled response to my greeting.

No human being, I believe, could have long endured the daily torture of that infernal and vindictive ostracism without some refuge for the mind.

I found my salvation in work. It was work that gave me the haven in which I could shut myself off from the bitter world outside.

In this I count myself blessed.

Modern commercial companies and institutions, it is said, are soulless. Well, I have had the chance to test the assertion—after the recent crisis in my life. I have found it is untrue.

For sixteen years until my arrest I had been a member of the staff of the Prudential Assurance Company. An organisation like this is essentially a rigorously controlled machine,

(Continued overleaf)

RLD *Refuses to* HAVE ME BACK

the heart of the city, he knew from observation and information that a vastly different reception would be accorded me at my suburban home.

He forbade me to go there except at my own risk, and his advice was so emphatic that I took it.

But what had happened?

In the two weeks between the murder and my arrest I had received from my friends and neighbours all that sympathy and help that is best and most beautiful in human nature.

Mental agony

They had been gentle and charitable and lavish in their bestowal of real consolation. Why had they turned against me while I lay condemned? Why had their kindliness turned to hostility and bitterness?

It seemed impossible to me that any person could have heard the evidence against me as it was analysed and rejected bit by bit in the Appeal Court and yet believe that I had committed murder.

With my brain bewildered and in torment I beseeched the people round me to say outright why I was now a figure for scorn and antagonism—I who had been cleared from guilt by the highest judges in the land.

None could answer or explain. I

"On the wings of liberty to Kew Gardens. It was amid that glorious sunshine in the gardens that I first realised the nipping frost of Life that would henceforth shrivel me up if it could . . . ."

"Spring Tonic—
nasty, bitter stuff!"

. . . never mind — she can still have her iron in luscious

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SUN-MAID RAISINS —
They're so PLUMP and
JUICY and SWEET.

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"And though she doesn't know it,
They're SIMPLY FULL
Of the IRON she'd get in the
Tonic she hates so much!

* * *

"TWO or THREE HANDFULS
A day she has — and plenty
Of SUN-MAIDS are also used
In making puddings and cakes.

* * *

"That's the way to take IRON!
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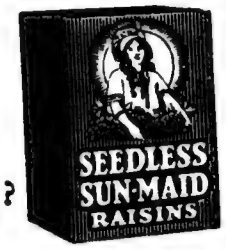

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The Man They Did Not Hang

(Continued from previous page)

MY SILENT ACCUSERS

but it is directed too sympathetically and humanely for an innocent man to be crushed.

There was no hesitation on the part of its governors regarding the continuation of my engagement with the company when my conviction and sentence were quashed.

Haven

The machine gave forth charity and understanding at the moment when among the men and women around me the fount of sympathy had gone dry. The machine became my friend when men and women had become my enemies.

My work has been the salvation of my mind and the confidence reposed in me by my employers has inspired me with the courage to live and bravely face the future.

At my desk I become oblivious to the slings and arrows of mankind. There I am safe from the malice of evil hearts and the venom of evil tongues.

But the instant I pass from the sanctuary of my office into the teeming streets I hear the whispers: "Look, there's Wallace. You know . . the man . . ." I can hear them before they are spoken.

I am a tall man and, perhaps, somewhat conspicuous. These men whom I used to call friends can see me from a distance Confusion and indecision cross their features. Their pace and, ever so slightly, their direction change. They are upon me.

They raise their glances almost imperceptibly, but enough to detect that I do not intend to place myself in their path and force a meeting. I can almost hear their sigh of relief. That settles it for them. They pass me by.

Days and days of this, remember. A whole year of days. . . .

I shall face them

Take the case of the restaurant at which I always have lunch.

It was revealed at my trial that the supposed murderer of my wife successfully got me out of the way at the hour of the crime by telephoning to the captain of my chess club a message asking that I should proceed to an address which afterwards proved to be non-existent.

The chess club rooms are in the premises of my luncheon restaurant, and there for years I had my midday meal with my fellow-members.

Yet I was ostracised on the first day I came back—and still am.

The men with whom I had won and lost at play so often, with whom I had lunched daily and exchanged views on topics of the day over our coffee and cigarettes, pass me with heads tilted away from me.

Their eyes see me not when they enter the room; they look through me, a lone figure at my table, while I eat my meal. If I were invisible, I could not be more completely ignored.

This goes on day after day. But I won't be frozen out. Not once have I failed to go there. And I'll keep on going. These are my silent accusers. They must be faced. If I feared to encounter them I should know that I was a coward. I should despise myself.

I gave in quite sufficiently to my detractors when I left my Liverpool house. And I gained nothing by it.

I have far less contempt for those who show their hostility openly and shamelessly than I have for the conduct of these slinking and unseeing accusers.

I much prefer honest enmity, however misguided it may be, like that of the woman who, at the mere sight of me as we were about to board a tramcar,

A handclasp after the acquittal. The world, he thought, had welcomed him back But in the year that has passed—

clutched her two little girls closely to her sides just as a hen throws her protecting wings over her chicks when danger approaches.

I never remembered having seen the woman before, yet the moment I caught her glance I could see my name forming itself on her lips.

She uttered a stifled cry of horror, stepped back off the tramcar and hurried away with her little ones, lest they should be contaminated by my touch—nay, even my presence.

Poor, deluded creature! I felt no anger—nothing but great pity for her. And not even that for myself, so hardened have I become to my never-ending torture.

In the tramcar and suburban train which I use to reach my new home in a Cheshire village I have extraordinary experiences.

Daily ordeal

People whom I have known for years and with whom I have even transacted insurance business take seats opposite me and never show the slightest gleam of recognition

Other fellow-passengers peep at me from behind newspapers or the cover of hands held over their eyes.

By this time I have become a skilled reader of the processes of their minds. I know exactly the thoughts that are passing through them. Their eyes give them away.

I sit firmly in my seat, my head up. I don't wince. They are the ones who shift their feet and drop their eyelids.

So practised have I become in observation that I can tell to the split part of a second when they will try to shrink into their seats away from me.

It is a ten-mile journey from my office to my home. It takes about three-quarters of an hour. Twice every day for three-quarters of an hour I face that ordeal. Sometimes with a smile of contempt on my face. . . .

But often in the evening when I reach my lonely country home and shut the world out behind my front-door, and when there is no longer need for me to maintain my stoicism, I sit down in my armchair, bury my face in my hands and weep like a little child.

Next week:

"Women are My Worst Enemies"

He Kept On Hoping

MR. C. KIRBY, of 9, Queen's Yard, Bridlington, who has won £1,250 in JOHN BULL Crossword Competition, received the news on his birthday, after being unemployed for seven months.

He had the choice of a pension of £3 a week for life or a lump sum of £1,250, and he has chosen to take the lump sum.

Mr. Kirby is a labourer "I had been unemployed for seven months, and my dole had given out, but I managed to get a fortnight's work on a new road," he tells us. "I was in despair, for that finished on Saturday morning. It was my birthday, too, and I felt very miserable as I went home for dinner. When I got here I received the letter saying I had won the first prize. It was the finest birthday present I could have wished for!"

Mr. Kirby is a crossword enthusiast, but his best effort until now was one with two mistakes. "I always kept on hoping" was his smiling comment.

An ex-Service man, with a pension for severe wounds, he was in and out of eight different hospitals during the three years after the war.

"I shall invest my £1,200 and draw from it as I need it," he declares. "I shall go and see a bank manager and get some good advice as to what is the best thing for me to do with the money.

"I may take a small holiday, but shall do nothing extravagant. I just want to go on living quietly and comfortably."

Mr. Kirby is the fourth competitor within a few weeks to win JOHN BULL'S huge Crossword prize outright. Try your hand at the amusing £3-a-week-for-life puzzle on page 32 and you may be the fifth!

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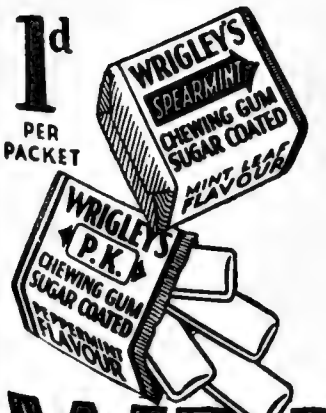

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The Seven Deadly Sins of To-day—3.

"Her protests sounded feeble against the self-righteousness of these two men"

GOSSIP

by

Christine Jope-Slade

EVERYONE in the village knew Betsy Trew. Everyone in the village knew that Stephen Trew drank and beat her. They knew nothing of all this from either Betsy or Stephen.

Unfortunately for these two, we were a moral community. A few Saturday night drunks, an occasional bit of poaching, was the limit of our misdemeanours.

Then Bobby Bendix took the small Manor House. He was a gentle character of about forty-five, rich, cultured, extremely charming.

There were no unmarried women in the village to set their caps at him. They were either too old or still too young. But he was, in a sense, the romantic figure of the drama.

He never met the Trews. They were quite small people, living in a small house. They had neither money nor position. Betsy was about twenty-seven, a rather lovely character, very still and quiet and watchful, and eternally at bay.

One day she fell off her bicycle going to the station, almost under Bendix's nose She tore her stocking and cut her knee. He bound it up with his handkerchief.

She had had a beating the previous night from a drunken husband, and her nerves were all to bits. Of this she said nothing. She thanked him, and he wheeled her bicycle to the station.

The whole village saw it.

* * *

Before evening there were rumours that she had been seen going up to the Manor House at dusk, between tea and supper, before her husband returned home from London.

There was a definite story in circulation that Bendix had taken the Manor House because he had known Betsy Trew in the old days—an old lover, in fact.

The simple fact that Betsy had fallen from her machine and Bendix had wheeled it to the station was enough to set the village aflame with gossip.

Betsy had few interests and occupations other than housekeeping, cooking and mending. Her great joy and consolation lay in her garden. Her husband's perpetual thirst made them incredibly short of money and always in debt. Her garden was a meagre affair, although beautifully kept.

Quite innocently Bendix had learnt that she loved larkspurs. He had a particularly fine collection up at the Manor, and they were dividing them.

He sent his gardener down to Betsy's cottage to plant them under her direction. One of the old tongue-waggers passing Betsy's cottage saw the man at work. In a quarter of an hour *that* titbit was flying over the village.

Betsy had a devoted charwoman who came in one morning a week. This rather foolish character recounted the saga of village gossip to Betsy. Betsy was seriously distressed. She liked Bendix He was a gentleman, and gentle and chivalrous.

The village gossip put him in a light in which she would never have seen him. It haloed him, and made him into a rescuer of the oppressed and downtrodden, which he had certainly no intention of being.

* * *

She thought in her misery—and it was a pretty black misery, and had been for some years, because her husband was a real brute: "Why shouldn't I have someone in my life who takes an interest in me? After all, if they're going to talk, why shouldn't they have something to talk about?"

So Betsy went rather deliberately out of her way to meet him, climbing the hill towards the Manor House with her dog in the dusk, at the hour in which she knew he would be returning. Everyone she passed on the road carried the news of their meeting down to the hamlet.

There is no doubt about it that Bendix was entirely coloured in her mind by the gossip that, unknown to him, surrounded them both.

First of all, a kind of righteous anger at the injustice made her want to give them something to talk about; and then, in her extreme loneliness and unhappiness, she grew to live for the few moments when she and Bendix met.

Their conversation was as innocent as the conversation of two children. They never said a single thing to each other that couldn't have been broadcast to the ends of the earth.

Then one day Bobby Bendix sent a telegram in all innocence from the local post-office. It said: "Prepare bedroom for lady," and was addressed to his man at his chambers in London. That in itself would have excited no comment, but it so happened that for the first time in the knowledge of the village Betsy Trew also went up to

"Gossip carries the defenceless on the most fantastic and dangerous journeys," said Christine Jope-Slade recently in "John Bull"

"... carried to the Verge of Disaster, Unconscious Passengers on Runaway Tongues"

town and spent the night away from home.

As a matter of fact, she spent forty-eight hours in a nursing-home having an impacted wisdom-tooth extracted with a general anæsthetic.

The lady for whom Bobby Bendix wished his man to prepare a room was none other than his old aunt, up from Devonshire for two or three days.

The doctor's wife came into the post-office as the postmistress was sending off the telegram. She showed it to the doctor's wife, and also announced that Mrs. Stephen Trew had gone to London for the night.

It was enough. With no authority, and the greatest and most pleasurable excitement, this couple of old apple-women took the story to the vicar.

* * *

The vicar was an old apple-woman himself. It was years since he had had a real sinner to cope with, if ever, and here were a couple of apparently flagrant sinners, about whom he could be decisive and dramatic.

All the old cats of the village went into a huddle over it. Why anybody should have been insane enough to connect the two without question I really don't know. It only goes to prove the mass hypnotism of red-hot gossip.

By evening they were quite prepared to stone Bendix and Betsy Trew publicly, and neither of them returned home to be stoned.

Everybody by this time had their little bit of spice to add to the general dish of scandal. Dramatic at all costs. In the limelight they would be at all costs.

It was recounted how they met; how he planted her garden and probably bought her clothes; how he had come down there and taken the Manor House, a stranger from nowhere, solely in order to be near his old and sadly misused love.

"She's probably been his mistress for years" was the general verdict of the village. What infuriated them was that Bobby Bendix and Betsy Trew should have thought it possible to hoodwink *them*! That was the great sin.

Of all this Bobby Bendix, entertaining his aged relative in the respectable sanctity of his chambers, and Betsy Trew, spending a miserable night being sick after chloroform at a cheap nursing-home, were totally unconscious.

Heaven knows why, but the vicar, an amiable fool usually, was so wrought up and beaten into a foam emotionally by

all this how-dy-do among his parishioners, that when Stephen Trew, sober for once, turned up that night, he went to his cottage and put him in possession of "the facts."

Like most complete and absolute rotters, whose vanity still exists while their virility has been absorbed by alcohol, Stephen Trew had a tremendous idea of his own importance. He was furious and enraged.

In the glare and heat of the gossip, many things were suddenly illuminated and made clear to him—or so it seemed: Bobby Bendix's consideration for his wife; the flowers at that moment rooting in his garden; hundreds of tiny attentions and little, quite financially valueless gifts assumed an overwhelming significance.

He told the vicar he'd beat Bendix to a pulp when he laid hands on him. What a flutter there was in the dovecots, what coolings and burblings, what exhortations to the vicar to plead for forgiveness for the erring ones from a very properly enraged husband! It was a clear effect of mass hypnotism, induced by gossip.

The village wanted its pound of excitement, its thrill. They were so wrought up on their own speculation that nothing except a grand finale would really satisfy them. They really *wanted* Stephen Trew to beat up Bobby Bendix, even though they pleaded with him to desist.

Quite unsuspecting, into this red hell of human spleen, her mouth still aching, and still suffering from nervous exhaustion and sleeplessness, stepped little Betsy Trew. She thought the people she passed looked at her more as if she had the plague than usual, as she made her way to the cottage.

There she encountered a raging husband, whipped to a white heat of self-righteous and outraged honour. She had hardly opened the door when the avalanche descended.

Stephen Trew couldn't hit her because the vicar was with him, but he could give himself a party in every other respect! He showed little restraint and no decency. Accusations, wholesale statements about her relationship with Bobby Bendix poured into her amazed ears.

Her protests sounded feeble against the self-righteousness of these two men. They forced home to her consciousness one thing very clearly, and that was the quite simple fact that she loved Bobby Bendix and had never known it, or, if she had, had chosen to ignore it.

Something that had stood up against years of misery and humiliation and degradation that had left her personally untouched, snapped when she heard her drunken sot of a husband say that he would beat Bobby Bendix to a pulp.

There was a train back to town in a quarter of an hour. The two men had supplied her with Bendix's London address. She had not known it up till that moment. She memorised it.

She had one thought in her mind, and one thought only. No matter what the consequences to herself, she wanted to avert all consequences from Bobby Bendix. He must be warned.

Excusing herself for a moment, she slipped out of the room, out of the scullery window, ducked under her own fence and through her next-door neighbour's garden in the gloaming, and caught the train, by a miracle, unobserved.

She went at once to the address she had memorised. She wasted no time. She told Bobby Bendix the whole story. She was simple and impulsive, and she had at that moment no thought in the world for herself. Not even the fact that his old aunt was present the whole time deterred her. There seemed nothing in the world at that moment but herself, Bobby Bendix and her husband.

* * *

"Is it true?" said the aunt. "Do you love this woman?"

"Yes," said Bobby Bendix, and he stared at Betsy as if he had never seen her before.

"Do you love him?" said the old aunt to Betsy.

"Yes," said Betsy Trew, and she stared at Bobby Bendix as if he were a ghost or an apparition. "Yes; I love him with all my heart."

"Well," said the old aunt, "you seem to have had a rather unfair deal in life, my dear. I suggest you cut it out, and go South or somewhere to-night. I suppose he'll give you your freedom?"

"I never thought——," said Betsy, incredulous, and still staring wide-eyed at Bobby Bendix.

"We'll make him," said Bobby Bendix, and he spoke like a new man. "There are ways you can bring pressure to bear. I suppose there have been other women, Betsy? There generally are with men of that type."

"Dozens," said Betsy. "There's one now."

The decree became absolute last March. They were married in April. The village where they had lived was not surprised. They had not only seen it coming; they had known all about it from the beginning!

Next week:

Sham Sin

by **Margery Lawrence**

"The Greatest of These—" Fund

A Father's Gratitude

ROSIE'S dad and the father of "The Seventh Baby," for whom we appealed in our issues of March 5 and 19, desire us to thank our readers for help sent.

Rosie's dad, whose eyes shone with gratitude when he was given help to provide a home for his crippled wife, who has just left hospital, said fervently, "Please thank your readers." He now writes:

"I am writing to thank you sincerely for the kind consideration you have given my application for assistance, and I thank you for the prompt way you have settled it. It will enable me to make a great start as a greengrocer, and I have provided a home for my wife and Rosie."

The father of the Seventh Baby writes: "I have received your registered letter and parcels of clothes. I am more than thankful to you for your great kindness, and I am very much in debt to your readers for their help.

"I had never dreamed I would have such wonderful help. It made us cry to see the little ones jump about when the postman knocked. And then the letter and money! Our children are all tidy once again.

"Our new baby was born on Easter Saturday. I would like very much to thank the sender of the parcel of baby clothes. They are really sweet and beautiful and very welcome.

"We shall be able to do a lot with the money, and you can rely that not one penny will be spent wastefully. We have learned to value our pennies and shillings too much.

"The children will be sure of good strong boots for school and warm bedclothes.

"I am thanking God that there are such kind people as the readers of John Bull who have shown their sympathy in a practical way."

* * *

As we have no space to appeal for any special case of hardship this week, we make a very urgent appeal for help for a number of pitiful cases now before us.

Subscriptions, which will put fresh life into the fund, should be addressed to The Hon. Secretary, John Bull War Sufferers' Fund, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, and will be acknowledged where names and addresses are given. Lists of subscriptions may be seen at this office, and a copy of the current week's list will be sent on application.

Wet or fine—don't forget to have some Manikins with you this week-end.

Manikins are happy companions for the out-of-door holiday, but if the weather is against you they are a sure consolation—an easy chair and the soothing Mild Havana Flavour of a Manikin will soon take the edge off your disappointment.

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HUMAN DOCUMENTS—*Probed by* PHILIP INMAN

"It is My DUTY . . ."

THE other day an eminent professor delivered a lecture to a gathering of students. Among the things he said was this—"Do your duty, no matter what it costs."

Many a parent has said the same thing to his child. But is it sound advice?

I raise this question because it has been asked by one of my correspondents.

Here is her problem: Is it a daughter's duty to forfeit her chance of married happiness and remain at home to look after an invalid mother? And this is her letter:

"I am nearly thirty years old, and five years ago I became engaged to a young man who at the time was out of work. After a long struggle he could find no employment in this country, so he emigrated to Australia, where he has done well and now occupies a good position.

"For the last few months he has been urging me to join him. But this is my difficulty. Two years ago my mother had a stroke, and she is now a confirmed invalid. I feel it is my duty to stay with her. You see, I am the only child and my father is dead, so that if I went away she would be left alone.

"My young man, I know, is growing impatient and I feel that in fairness to him I must either break off the engagement or make up my mind that I will do as he wants. It is a difficult decision to make, and I should be grateful if you could guide me."

Out there is light and life and—love. Will she find lasting happiness by leaving the darkened sick-room, by deserting?

Road to joy

It is indeed a difficult decision. It seems to amount to this—should my correspondent place duty before happiness?

But is that really the test? Must her duty and her happiness clash? Not necessarily. She "feels it her duty to stay at home." But will she not be happy as well?

Let me put to her this question: Would she be content to go away and leave her invalid mother to the mercy of strangers?

She is the only one who can answer that.

There are people who are so selfish that they do not care a brass button what happens to their parents. But such folk are very unnatural, with hearts as hard as granite, and no right-thinking person can have any cause to envy them.

I do not think my correspondent is made in that mould. For the last few months her young man has been urging her to join him. And yet she has continued to remain by her mother's side. I think she is right. There is a satisfaction from doing one's duty that you can find in no other way.

Every happiness that is worth its salt comes from sacrifice rather than from selfishness.

The path to duty is not only the way to glory, but the only road that leads to lasting contentment. The obvious solution to my correspondent's problem would be to take her mother with her. But as she is an invalid, that seems to be impossible.

I sympathise with the young man. I can see quite clearly his point of view. He is away from his own country and naturally wants to settle down.

But, taking all things into consideration, I believe that my correspondent will find more peace of mind in staying at home than in joining her young man in Australia.

Who shall sacrifice?

And here is another side to this problem. Is it a father's duty to deny himself so that his child may have a better education than he had?

This question comes from a correspondent who tells me he is the eldest of ten in a miner's family, and that his early life was a hard struggle. He left school when he was twelve years old, married when he was twenty-four, and now has one girl, who is eighteen.

"My one desire has been to send her to the university, so that she might enter the teaching or some other profession. I always wanted to give her what we have missed all through our lives—education—in order that she might be able to command more security than we have ever known. I have now reached the time when I must decide whether I should carry out my ideal.

"The struggle for existence during the last three years has been intense. I have had several jobs which have either been cut off by the works closing down or by the introduction of labour-saving appliances.

"Through unemployment, removals, and living away from home, my savings are rapidly shrinking, until I am beginning to wonder if it is fair to my wife to continue my daughter's education. I may add that she has just sat for the Higher Schools certificate."

Here, again, it depends upon my correspondent's conception of his duty—to his wife or his daughter. I think most of my readers will agree that his wife has first claim upon him.

But has he talked the matter over with her? As she is so vitally affected I think he must do so. As with many mothers, she may think her daughter worthy of sacrifice. Besides, there is this point to consider. That girl has gone so far along the road—surely it would be rather foolish to prevent her reaching her goal.

If that father can afford to complete his daughter's education, even though it means real sacrifice, and his wife is in agreement with him, I think he should do so. She may not only achieve great things, but be a comfort and help to her parents in their old age.

But what when a child gets "too big" for his parents. That has happened sometimes. This is the plaint of another of my readers.

Forgotten mother

"I was left a widow with one son," she tells me, "and I had to struggle desperately hard to give him a good education. Because I thought it was my duty, I denied myself many things in order that he might have a better time. And though it meant blood money, I was able to send him to college.

"Financially, he has done very well, and he is now the director of a big concern. But he does not seem to have any time for his old mother.

"Two years ago he married, but he has never even brought his wife to see me. I feel heartbroken and wonder if I can trouble you to write to him. A letter from you might bring him to his senses."

Of course I will write to him. I hope it will do good, for, frankly, I cannot understand the attitude of such a man. He is evidently one of those who has been spoilt by success. That is always a tragedy. But that mother, disappointed and disillusioned though she may be, has this one consolation.

She can never repine herself for not doing her duty by her boy. She can never have any regrets that she failed him. That surely brings a measure of comfort to her, for, as Shakespeare says, "My duty then shall pay me for my pains."

PHILIP INMAN is "John Bull's" "Humanist." To every problem that is presented to him by our readers he applies the sympathy and experience which many years of contact with the life of a great hospital have given him. He wants to help you out of your trouble. Why not let him try?

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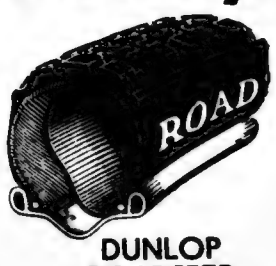

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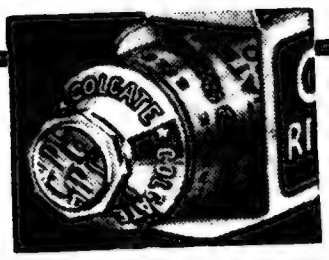

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I Wish I'd Stuck to OLD ENGLAND

A motor factory in Detroit in the halcyon days of prosperity and high wages

by a Disillusioned Emigrant

I AM one of the many thousands of British workers who went abroad just after the war in search of higher wages.

To-day, as a result, I am out of work and almost heart-broken in America, my wife is grieving over the sale of our once-beautiful home, my children are withdrawn from the good school to which I sent them. All of us are feeling the pinch.

What is more, my plight is that of the majority of the huge army of British skilled workers attracted to America by the fabulously high salaries offered to the best engineers and other operatives between 1918 and 1925, when my home-country could not afford to pay those wages.

Just imagine our straits—a people without a country! The words are not too strong.

For how can our own country want us back when she has to fend for over two million of the people who stood by her? And what can America say to us except that we ought to go back and not take the bread out of the mouths of her own sons now that want has afflicted them?

Ambition's spur

My story is not a long one—it is not even the worst that can be told of British families suffering in once-prosperous Detroit.

During the war I earned big money as a munition worker at Woolwich. When 1919 came I was earning more than £4 a week in the Birmingham district, a small sum compared with my war-earnings

Soon, spurred by ambition, I was working on the mass-production belt in Detroit at two and a half times my salary in England. Working so hard that I had no time to wring an ounce of enjoyment out of life, to think, or even look forward into the future to see whether this prosperity would last, I mounted until I was earning twelve good pounds every week.

They were days of tremendous toil for me—and fine days for my wife and three children.

As the youngsters grew to school age they were sent to one of the best schools in the motor town. We had pictures taken of them on horse-back and sent them to our admiring relatives in England—with the sums of money for mother we could easily spare.

We had a "black mammie" helper who could be relied on to cook a meal fit for a millionaire's table when, repaying the bumper feasts they gave us, we entertained some of the many prosperous British folk we knew in Detroit.

And there was no more capable nurse or housekeeper than she when my wife took her choice of the shows in town.

Stories reached us of growing adversity in England. We sent slightly bigger sums of money home. We spoke sorrowfully of "Poor old England!"

We never thought, in those crazy days of spending, that America—fabulously wealthy America we thought her—would overtake and pass Britain in the big downward slide.

One day there came to disturb the happiness and peace of my home terrible news which, we were soon to learn, was but a foretaste of what was to follow.

How well I remember walking into the house afraid to speak until, pressed at last to explain my silence, I just said falteringly: "I've been stood off for three months. Orders are short."

My wife was a brick. "That's all right, darling," she said. "Three months will soon go. We've got just enough money to get through it. It will mean sacrifices, but who cares——"

Who cares? Before I had completed another two months' work I was stood off for another six months.

Round us were English families whose accumulated savings of years were melting away. We had no savings to fall back on.

There were tears when the children had to leave the school. Then one day the bulk of our "easy payment" furniture was "sent for," and soon we had to move to a smaller house. Then came the first pinches of real hunger And at last the day when, after months of fruitless search for work on my part, my wife reported that she herself had found a job.

Wife's slavery

A job! Ye gods, what a job it was. She had to slave in a laundry for long hours every day for four dollars a week.

Finally, we sunk to our present plight—actually accepting gifts of money from the relatives in England whom at one time we helped. "Our poor relations" we used to think them.

Yet, despite it all, we were infinitely better off than our friends who lived a few blocks away.

He was a Nottingham man, she an American girl. She had grown weak and ill refusing food so that her two mites would not know what hunger was.

How could he ask her to go with him to starve in a foreign country, thousands of miles from her own home? Yet how could she expect him to stay?

I know many Englishmen out there who are married to American women under similar circumstances, ever expecting to be sent back to England, always tortured with worry about what will happen to their wives if they are. I think their lot is the hardest of all.

In many hundreds of cases the relatives in England who used to receive are now sending to their poor relatives in America—those relatives who went in search of the Golden Fleece.

One man received despairing letters from England appealing to him to come home to the sick-bed of a dying mother. How could he? For nearly two years he had tried in vain.

When his mother was well he had been able to send her money. When she was ill, and poor, and needed it most, he hadn't a dime to spare her.

Gripped by hunger

He hit on a wild idea of getting home as a stowaway. But before it developed he had collapsed in the street from sheer hunger. High-spot adventures are not for such frail, starved beings as he.

One man I knew sold his overcoat, the last thing he had to dispose of, to get stamps to write to motor manufacturers in England He thought he could find one to pay the homeward fares of his family on account of the salary he would draw from them when he got home.

Poor devil! He knew quite well that the situation was bad in England, although by no means as terrible as here, and yet he had the optimism that made tiny hopes look tremendous.

Most of us have already made ourselves well aware of what a poor chance we would stand in England. We know that one of the first questions would be for the production of our insurance cards.

Seeking a job, we should have to explain the lack of a card by admitting that we deserted England for higher wages.

But I think we have all learned a lesson. When the day comes that we are back again, we shall not be too ready to leave England again for a mere flash-in-the-pan success.

Britain may not offer you the best of everything all the time. But, taking things all in all, there's no country more worth sticking to in the long run.

"HELP the HOSPITALS" Award

The result of the great £20,000 "Help-the-Hospitals" Contest is announced in the *Daily Herald* to-day.

JOHN BULL readers will be gratified to know that the outcome of the splendid appeal will lead to a substantial cheque being handed over to help the Hospitals.

In SPRING your dog must obey Nature's demand for fitness

Just now he needs your thoughtful help

SINCE the day he first came to man for protection, the dog has greatly changed his way of living. He no longer roams with the seasons, and now wishes only to please and serve his master or mistress wherever they may be.

But Nature is unchanged, and your dog must still obey her relentless laws. Most pressing of these is that, unless the dog conditions himself *now*, and removes the blood impurities which have collected during winter, he will suffer ill-health at the first spell of warm weather.

Nature provides every dog with blood correctives among certain wild grasses and herbage. Your dog *must have* blood correctives, as he overheats easily, owing to his skin being non-porous, *and only with pure blood can he withstand the frequent overheating which he must suffer during the next six months.*

Your dog cannot condition himself, as Nature's blood correctives are beyond his reach among the valleys and moorlands, *but you can make good his loss and give him perfect health by providing him with Bob Martin's Condition Powders*, which remove every blood impurity and tone up the whole system.

Watch the difference which *condition* makes to *your* dog. *From to-day*, provide him with Bob Martin's Condition Powders and *see*, in a week or so, how his manner becomes more alert, his step more jaunty, and his appetite more keen. On his coat you will note the biggest difference of all, for in place of dullness you will see the beautiful "bloom" which distinguishes the well-conditioned dog and is the surest indication of rich, pure blood.

Who is YOUR DOG'S BEST FRIEND?

In Spring your dog must ask for something more than food and shelter. His greatest need now is for a blood corrective, and unless you provide him with it wild Nature would be his better friend at this time of year.

If your dog's well-being means anything to you, provide him with Bob Martin's Condition Powders *now*.

All chemists, dog biscuit shops and big stores sell Bob Martin's Condition Powders in 6d. packets of 9 (nine) powders and 1/- boxes of 18 powders.

Made (for forty years) by Bob Martin Ltd., Southport, England.

BOB MARTIN'S
TASTELESS
CONDITION POWDERS

cure *and prevent* all blood ailments such as

LISTLESSNESS · LOOSE COAT · LOSS of APPETITE · ECZEMA
EXCESSIVE SCRATCHING · SWELLINGS between the TOES

Cosmetics *hide* Anæmia— why not *banish* it?

PALE LIPS, PALE CHEEKS, BETRAY THE VICTIM OF ANÆMIA.

Cosmetics make these signs less conspicuous, but a Doctor will readily discover your true state of health from the paller of your gums and the inner surface of your eyelids. (SEE "Symptoms of Anæmia," below.)

DOCTORS say that a large proportion of their patients are Anæmic Subjects.

The reason they give for the prevalence of Anæmia is sun-starvation and the insufficiency of blood-making food eaten by people to-day.

Symptoms of Anæmia

WEAKNESS & LANGUOR
BREATHLESSNESS
PALPITATION & FAINTNESS
HEADACHES. SLEEPLESSNESS & IRRITABILITY
DIGESTIVE TROUBLES.

ANÆMIA is an ailment of the moderns. Its cause is to be found in the artificiality of our existence—our food and our lack of sunshine and exercise.

Anæmia means poor blood, and Hall's Wine, which contains natural iron and vitamins of the grape together with valuable medicaments, is the finest of all tonic wines for enriching the blood. As a result people everywhere who know themselves to be Anæmic take Hall's Wine regularly and obtain relief from this most weakening and depressing complaint.

Free yourself from Anæmia. Know what it is to have richer blood and be really well. Healthy looks can be yours if you will only give your system the vital elements it needs and which Hall's Wine can give in abundance. Get a bottle of this excellent tonic wine to-day.

HALL'S WINE
ENRICHES THE BLOOD

Large bottle 5/6; smaller size 3/3. Of all Wine Merchants, Licensed Grocers & Chemists

★ *Hall's Wine is Approved and Recommended as a Tonic Restorative by the British Analytical Control Ltd., a scientific body which affords independent testimony as to the purity and quality of food and other products*

STEPHEN SMITH & COMPANY LIMITED, BOW, LONDON, E.3.
266

Herbs will cure all Your ills

You need never despair of a cure. There is a certain remedy in Nature's Storehouse for every ill from which you suffer.

FREE BOOK packed with valuable herbal prescriptions and recipes which have cured hundreds, and full information on the treatment of ill-health, and the value of simple Herbs—Nature's own Remedy. It is a Home Health Guide, which saves doctors' bills and enables you to keep healthy and full of vitality—a gold-mine of essential information. Whatever your health trouble, you will find it dealt with here. You need never despair. Write for a copy of this splendid 112-page Book, containing many illustrations and diagrams. It is Free to all readers in the British Isles. To readers abroad 1/- per copy.

J. ROBINSON & SONS.

4, Rurem House, Bradford

So wonderfully delicious. It's British

SHARP'S GOLDEN SUPER TOFFEE

RUGS GIVEN AWAY

THIS PHENOMENAL OFFER is made to readers of "John Bull."

*** FREE** Handsome RUG to Match—with every BRUSSELETTE CARPET!

On receipt of P.O. for 9s. 6d., Carriage 1s. extra, we will forward, direct from our Looms to your address, one of our "PRUDENTIAL" BRUSSELETTE

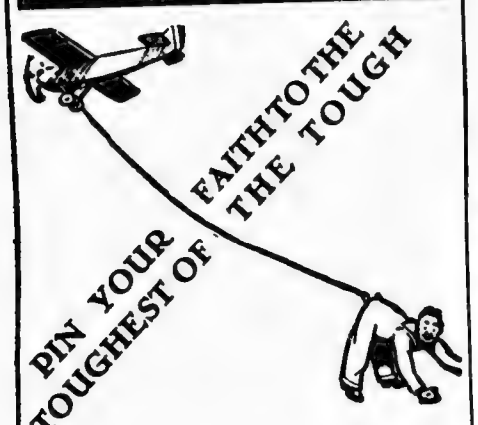
CARPETS

Woven without Seam. Suitable for Drawing-room, Dining-room, Bedroom, etc., handsomely bordered in new Turkey and artistic patterns (as illustration) and fashionable shades of Crimson, Greens, Blues, Brown, Rose, and mingled Colourings to suit all requirements and large enough to cover any ordinary sized room. They are made of material equal to wool, and being a speciality of our own can only be obtained direct from our looms, thus saving the purchaser all middle profits. Money willingly refunded if not approved. Thousands of Repeat Orders and Unsolicited Testimonials received. With every Carpet we shall absolutely give away a handsome rug to match.

Guaranteed Genuine Bargains **9/6**

New Illustrated Bargain Sale Catalogue of Carpets, with Rugs to match (Axminster, Wilton, Brussels, Ideal and Brusselette) in all sizes; also Yorkshire and Witney Blankets, Down Quilts, Bed Sheets, Table Linens, Towels, Bedding, etc., free by return of post.

F. HODGSON & SONS (Dept. J.B.), Manufacturers and Merchants, Woodsley Road, LEEDS.



I'm not in suspense—I'm in

BOLENIUM
(Pronounced BO-LEEN-UM)
Super-Overalls
Worn by the man who knows

The best you can buy are Bolenium. Bend, tug and twist as hard and often as your work demands—Bolenium will stand the strain. Double sewn at every seam, detachable buttons, dust- and oil-proof cloth—and guaranteed, too. Ask your Outfitter. If you have any difficulty write direct to:—

BOLENIUM OVERALLS
(Dept. 1), Upton Park, London, E.13

IF YOU BACK A WINNER

you will receive your winnings by return from the "Big Two." They offer you a complete Service for every class of bet and a square deal.

NO LIMIT
WIN OR PLACE, SINGLE EVENTS.
Favourites, Jockeys' Mounts, "Any-to-come" Owners' and Trainers' Selected Doubles, Trebles, Accumulators, Systems—all accepted.

TOTE ODDS—Win, Win and Place, or Place only.

OFFICIAL TOTE DAILY DOUBLE

LETTER COMMISSIONS accepted from 1/- up to any amount in accordance with rules.

LONG ODDS ON FUTURE EVENTS

All transactions are private and confidential. Please write for particulars of our Service.

To agents THE BIG TWO *Send direct*

DAVID COPE & ALFRED H. MAURICE LTD
227 BATH STREET, GLASGOW, C.2

Why DO They do it?

Why does he want it? And if he gets it what will he do with it?

THERE is a boy at present undergoing Borstal treatment whose chief worry is that he is not allowed to set signal boxes on fire.

You could give him a box of matches and set him in the middle of a wooden bungalow city with perfect safety. But let him know that there is a signal box three miles down the line and he will set out in a blizzard to burn it down

Doctors have said that in every respect he appears to be a sane and normal boy — yet this extraordinary passion has already earned him three different punishments at the hands of the law.

This boy is typical of a good many people who indulge in strange and dangerous fancies.

Why do they do it? How often have the leading detectives of Scotland Yard asked each other that question and replied 'Ask me another"?

Why do some people crave to put sleepers on a railway line? Why are there others who cannot leave a red light alone? All these puzzles seem to belong to one type, yet no one can explain them.

The surest way to earn an animal a feed of figs, they will tell you at the Zoo, is to put a notice on his cage warning the public that they mustn't give figs to the occupant. No one can say why—but it is so.

And what is the explanation of the bottle containing the spurious "last message" always found floating if an expedition has been lost or a submarine has plunged to disaster?

There is the inveterate hoaxer, the person who would appear a little less stupid if he could actually see the results of his so-called jokes, but who usually remains in ignorance of what has happened.

In the old days he used to give dozens of bogus orders in the name of somebody whose address he had got from a directory. To-day he has a new joke.

* * *

He rings up a house at ten at night, says he is a Water Board inspector, and informs the householder that the water will be cut off at midnight for two days or so. He advises him to draw off sufficient for his requirements

The householder promptly spends the next hour filling every available receptacle with water.

What prompts a man to put bird lime and other sticky material in letter-boxes? It is often done.

Then there is the man who makes false confessions. Nearly every famous murder brings forward one or two of his type, and sometimes people come forward with statements that they murdered people five, ten or twenty years ago. There are reasons in some cases. When a man in Canada or Australia tells the police that he has done a murder in England, it usually means that he wants a free passage home. In some cases publicity mania is at the bottom of such confessions.

But Scotland Yard has examined confession after confession without discovering the slightest reason why a man should bring it forward.

One strange individual, who went to a great deal of trouble recently did no more than puzzle the Underground Railway.

On Charing Cross station there is a box labelled "Leave letters here for Bill Stickers." A similar box on South Kensington station bears the message, "Letters for Lillie Bridge," a reference to the well-known goods depot of that name.

For months the bill stickers' box was fed with passionate letters signed "Your ever-devoted Lillie Bridge," and the Lillie Bridge box with devoted epistles, written in the same handwriting, signed by "Your adoring sweetheart, Bill Stickers."

* * *

If there was a joke at all it was against the person who went to all this trouble, probably spending a lot of money on fares in the process, in carrying on a love-affair between two non-existent people.

One of the most extraordinary people, surely, was the person who caused a lot of trouble by sowing vegetable seeds in public gardens noted for their decorative flower borders.

A clergyman once complained to the police that the whole vicarage garden had suddenly sprouted cabbages, carrots and turnips!

For three and a half years Scotland Yard was baffled by the theft of stone balls from the fronts of houses, some of them being so heavy that two men would be required to move them.

Then for more than two years there was a regular epidemic of thefts of iron gates. To-day it is mantelpieces.

Who stole a mantle of Hawaiian feathers, valued at £200,000, last year from the Ethnological Institute at Gottingen, where articles that were really saleable were left untouched?

If we ascribe such freakish thefts to insane collectors it only explains a small percentage of the strange acts of humanity that we cannot understand.

Why do they do it? Perhaps they don't know themselves!

Football Matches played on April 23

OUR EXPERT SELECTS—

ENGLISH CUP FINAL.
NEWCASTLE v. Arsenal, at Wembley.

FIRST DIVISION.
(1) Liverpool v. Portsmouth.
*(2) WEST HAM v. Birmingham.
(3) ASTON VILLA v. Sheffield U.
(4) BOLTON v. Manchester C.
(5) CHELSEA v. W.B. Albion.
(6) Grimsby v. Derby.
(7) LEICESTER v. Blackburn.
(8) Middlesbro v. EVERTON.
*(9) WEDNESDAY v. Sunderland.

SECOND DIVISION.
(1) Hotspur v. Leeds.
(2) CHARLTON v. Bury.
**(3) BRADFORD v. Millwall.
(4) BURNLEY v. Notts County.
(5) CHESTERFIELD v. Barnsley.
(6) MANCHESTER U. v. Bradford C.
*(7) NOTTS FOREST v. Swansea.
(8) PRESTON v. Plymouth.
**(9) SOUTHAMPTON v. Bristol C.
**(10) STOKE v. Oldham.
**(11) WOLVERHAMPTON v. Port Vale.

THIRD DIVISION (Southern).
(1) Q.P. Rangers v. FULHAM.
(2) Torquay v. Reading.
*(3) BOSCOMBE v. Thames.
(4) BRIGHTON v. Gillingham.
(5) Bristol R. v. SOUTHEND.
(6) ORIENT v. Northampton.
(7) PALACE v. Brentford.
(8) MANSFIELD v. Coventry.
*(9) NORWICH v. Luton.
(10) Swindon v. CARDIFF.
(11) WATFORD v. Exeter.

THIRD DIVISION (Northern).
(1) SOUTHPORT v. Darlington.
(2) Carlisle v. LINCOLN.
(3) Accrington v. BARROW.
(4) CREWE v. Chester.
(5) Rochdale v. HARTLEPOOLS.
(6) Rotherham v. GATESHEAD.
(7) STOCKPORT v. N. Brighton.
*(8) TRANMERE v. Walsall.
(9) WREXHAM v. Hull.
**(10) YORK v. Halifax.

OUR FIVE-STAR CODE

As injuries to players and consequent alterations in teams may affect the chances of different clubs we shall publish last-minute JOHN BULL selections in code in the *Daily Herald* and *Sporting Life* each Friday morning.

Division and number will be quoted as above, together with *H* for home and *A* for away team.

Example Code.—Div. I.—9 (*H*); Div. II.—3 (*H*); Southern Section—9 (*H*); Northern Section—10 (*H*) would indicate Wednesday, Bradford, Norwich and York.

Race with "Silver Ring"

A Poor Test

FOLLOWING my last week's remarks it was interesting to see Violator win his first race of the season, the Wood Ditton Stakes at Newmarket.

He is a grand-looking colt, and no doubt Fred Darling is congratulating himself on this string to his Derby bow, more particularly since the odds on Cockpen were floored in the Column Produce Stakes.

Lightning, who beat Cockpen, may not do so again, but the latter is certainly to be regarded with suspicion as to his genuineness.

The Violator test was ordinary. I do not look upon one of those that finished behind him as anything to shout about.

This week-end there is racing at Stockton. I like the chance of Bower of Roses in the Spring Handicap, and fancy the four-year-old, Spyon More, in the Wolviston Plate.

"SILVER RING'S" CODE

The Code for this week is as follows. It covers the racing from Thursday, April 21, to Wednesday, April 27.

S P B V D C E X Z R F 98 97 Y H O K Q 93 94 95 U I M 96 L T W N G J A

In place of the letters or figures advertised in the *Sporting Life* and *Daily Herald* read those above or below, as the case may be. Example:

KQI97KIL would read SPENSER

Where a double letter occurs in the name of a horse the figure 2 is substituted. Example:

93AK2E would read BOSSI.

"You see, my digestion's not too good and I can't take lots of these things. FRY'S MALTED MILK COCOA WITH EGGS seems to suit me best."

7½d per ½ lb.

4 FOODS IN 1

This price does not apply to the Irish Free State

Cherry Blossom Boot Polish Hystericals No. 7. *Edward III., A.D. 1327—1377.*

EDWARD: "'Honi soit qui mal y pense' or a little Cherry Blossom Boot Polish makes all the difference."

Popular tradition says that at a ball the Countess of Salisbury lost her garter, which was returned to her by the King. The shocked expressions of the Court caused the King to exclaim, "Honi soit qui mal y pense" (Evil to him who evil thinks), which phrase became the motto of the Order of the Garter.

Cherry Blossom Boot Polish

Black, White, Brown, Dark Tan and Tonette.

In Tins, with easy opener 2½d., 4½d. and 6d.

The Handy Pocket Tins of

PLAYER'S

DIGGER

FLAKE

are now on sale

2oz 1'4D 4oz 2'8D

P.D.6.A

Issued by The Imperial Tobacco Company (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd.

A HINT MANY WOMEN WILL BLESS

The secret of intimate charm

Many women imagine that in order to be charming and attractive they have only to concentrate on outward appearance—to wear smart new clothes—to choose becoming powder, lipstick. It is a most mistaken idea—as so many find to their cost. The fact is, the principle part of feminine attraction lies in personal daintiness. To keep yourself fresh and immaculate at all times and seasons should be a matter for your constant care. Now face facts frankly—is it? Yet there is such a simple way to be acceptable to company on every occasion—and the secret lies in the little brown bottle of Milton you've probably got already in your bathroom. The new Milton booklet now supplied free with every bottle of Milton will give you intimate directions for achieving this desirable state. It not only contains this invaluable information—but several pages of interesting toilet helps together with over a hundred household hints. A bottle of Milton costs 6d.

AMAZING OFFER
BLUE SERGE SUITS

SEND ONLY 2/6

PRICE 55/-

We have purchased the entire output of a Lancashire Mill, comprising hundreds of miles of Blue Indigo Serge, which has been made up into Men's Suits. This enables us to sell at the amazingly low price of 55/-. Each Suit is well cut and made by James Best's highly paid tailors in a smart double breasted style. Guaranteed Fast Dye. A suit you will be proud to wear. Obtainable on the most generous Credit Terms in the country.

JAMES BEST'S Price 55/- Please state height and chest Measurements when ordering.

Send for Patterns of Better Quality Suits.

JAMES BEST LIMITED

HOW YOU PAY. Deposit 2/6 and 6d. for postage. Immediate Delivery of Suit. Pay Balance by Fortnightly Instalments of 4/-

Mark your Envelope or Postcard (DEPT. J.B.J.)

24-26, FEATHERSTONE ST., CITY RD., LONDON, E.C.1.

Our Letter Parliament

Here's a FUNNY THING!

"Walking at a toddler's pace, holding my open umbrella by the tip . . ."

WHILE on holiday I attended a first-class cricket match, and as the weather was suitable I attired myself in a full cricket outfit. The interval for lunch arrived, and I strolled round the ground, hoping to see some of the players.

Imagine my surprise when I was surrounded by autograph-seekers. An official, seeing the joke, directed spectators my way.

I soon realised that it was of no use protesting that I was not a member of either team. So I quickly obliged, signing about fifty autographs before being left to enjoy the joke.—*H. F., Lincs.*

"Our Annie!"

We once gave a small play in the schoolroom and made up so well that we thought none could recognise us.

But we reckoned without our relatives, for when I came on in the first scene, as soon as I spoke a shrill voice penetrated the silence: "Eh! It's our Annie!"

It was the voice of my small brother. There was a gust of laughter, and every time I came on in a fresh scene the voices of the delighted, irrepressible youngsters cried out: "Eh! It's our Annie!"—*Miss A., Manchester.*

Golden Silence

I was out collecting for charity, and, knocking at a house, was invited inside by an old man, who at once locked and chained the door, and went upstairs.

I waited twenty minutes, almost hysterical, when I heard him coming down the stairs. He unlocked the door and placed an old piece of baize in my hand.

I unwrapped it, and to my surprise found two golden sovereigns and two shillings—and not one word did the old man speak.—*Mrs. W., Waltham Cross.*

All Artists

I was a member of a concert party performing before the patients of a mental hospital.

Just before the performance commenced it was discovered that certain properties had been forgotten, and in my comedy make-up I went to the telephone to ask a friend to bring them along.

As I was returning across a dark courtyard an attendant stopped me and asked where I was going. I explained.

"Oh yes," he said, "you all think you are performers to-night."

In spite of my protests I was detained until the concert ended and I could be identified.—"*Mummer,*" *S. Lambeth.*

Wasted Effort

My folks were away, and because I had to fend for myself I had failed to arrive punctually at the office.

One morning I awoke early and jumped out of bed, washed, breakfasted, and was out of the house in record time.

Glancing at my watch, I found I had just time to catch the 8.30 train.

I didn't—because when I arrived at the station it was closed. It was Sunday.—*S. M., Wavertree.*

Shocks for Two

Some years ago I lived in a lonely country place where we received most things by carrier.

One day I was expecting my wedding-dress, when the carrier called. I untied the parcel, and found that it contained a servant's outfit—print dresses and all.

The wedding had to be delayed till I could put matters straight. The dressmaker, in her hurry to catch the carrier, had put on wrong labels.

The servant, too, had a shock when she found a wedding-dress in her box with which to start service.—*A. B., Sussex.*

Doubled

With a friend, I was at Rouen for a holiday, when a Frenchman stopped me and said in English, "Well, this is a surprise, Mr. Brown, seeing you here!"

I replied, "You are mistaken." The Frenchman apologised, and my friend and myself decided that he was an impostor.

Eleven years after, walking in the Isle of Anglesey, a man stopped me with the remark, "Hullo, Brown; on holidays?"

Explanations followed, and I learnt that I bore an exact resemblance to a man at Manchester, with business connections in Rouen.—*F. P., Brighton.*

Slept Some

One wet evening I caught the last train home, and fell asleep. Awakened by the train stopping, I thought I had reached home, but I found I was still in the station from where I had booked.

Then I found I had slept the whole double journey, and I had to pay for the journey back, and then walk seven miles home in the rain.—*W. W., Burnley.*

He Did

While working in a London store, a foreigner purchased a sleeping-suit, and asked me if he could wear it outdoors. Thinking he was joking, I answered, "This is a free country; of course you can."

Next day the manager sent for me, and the foreigner was in the office. I admitted the charge, and was dismissed.

Perhaps it was for the best, for I got a better situation. Had not the man walked down Fleet Street in his pyjamas I should still be behind a counter answering queer questions of quaint customers.—*F. C., Sherwood.*

BEING caught in a heavy shower one day, when out walking with my small son, I allowed him to hold the umbrella over himself whilst I supported the weight by holding the ferrule.

On reaching a corner, I chanced to look back, and was amazed to see the little fellow, quite fifty yards behind, gazing intently into a shop window.

I, ignorant of the fact that I was alone, had been walking at a toddler's pace in the pouring rain carefully holding my open umbrella by the tip, bless me.—W. F. A., Bromley.

Fancy Dress

Three months after the Armistice I found myself in the Army of Occupation in Coblenz.

One evening my chum and myself wandered into a dance-hall. It proved to be a fancy-dress dance. We paid at the door and were handed masks. Hey presto! We in khaki uniforms, the only ones there.

And I was awarded first prize for my fancy dress! It was screamingly funny. The Germans thought we were Germans masquerading. — "*Clickety - Clickety,*" *Dublin.*

* * *

Guffaws

It was my first day in uniform, and I met an officer covered with ribbons and red tabs. Up went my hand for my first salute—and I raised my hat.—*E. L. Hayes, Canterbury.*

I picked up the wrong week-end case and found a man's rig-out and shaving tackle. I consoled myself by thinking he would feel equally as funny with my toilet requisites and lingerie.—"*Bluebell,*" *March.*

I was assisting at a local jumble sale, and everybody was enthusiastic over the £50 profit realised. My enthusiasm was considerably damped when I discovered that my nearly new fur coat had been inadvertently sold.—"*Furless,*" *London.*

I was sitting in the stalls of a music-hall and a child in the gallery dropped a half-consumed ice-cream sandwich on my pate. I was the "hit" of the night.—*G. H., Liverpool.*

I was on holiday, a very conceited flapper, and wearing a particularly smart coat. On reaching home I discovered a ticket on it bearing the words: Cheap at 45s."—*C. B., Wolverhampton.*

I joined the Army B 2 and was demobilised A 1.—*J. W. J., Hull.*

SIDE-Slips

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelope "Slips."

SINLESS (Novel):—"He settled himself comfortably in the corner of the FIRE."

SUNDERLAND DAILY ECHO:—"The Spanish steamer arrived this morning with a 20-foot HOTEL in her side."

SOUTHERN DAILY ECHO:—"—— was born just a YEAR AFTER his father had fallen at Flodden."

LINCOLNSHIRE CHRONICLE:—"At 4.30 his heart stopped BREATHING."

EVENING TIMES (Glasgow):—"A tray which CONTAINED about £150 worth of rings lay EMPTY in the window."

EVENING STANDARD:—"—— announces that he has been CONVICTED to the Buddhist religion."

THE PUNCH MAG:—"My wife and I are very fond of WALKING. We go out BIKING every week-end."

LEICESTER MERCURY:—"He could only stay to be introduced to the crowd, from whom he received a tremendous ORATION."

DETECTIVE DRAGNET MAGAZINE:—"They'll snap it up like a dog does a HUNGRY bone."

SOUTH WALES EVENING POST:—"The Orpheus QUARTET rendered TRIOS with really good voice."

MANCHESTER EVENING NEWS:—"When a case was over a client used to slip the fee into that SEALED pocket."

KIDDERMINSTER SHUTTLE:—"As far as the doctor could ascertain, there were no internal INQUIRIES."

ORIGINAL letters upon the subject below, not exceeding 100 words, are invited. 10s. will be paid for each letter published. Envelopes, marked "Letter Department," must reach us by first post on Tuesday, April 26.

The Happiest Hour of My Life

"Sunshine" Blonde

Put the "Sunshine" Gleam into Your Hair!

Every lady with fair hair should try the marvellous Beautifying Power of Edwards Harlene CAMOMILE GOLDEN HAIR WASH, which produces that rare ASH BLONDE effect and imparts a Glorious Light Gold "Sunshine" Touch to Fair Hair.

Edwards Harlene CAMOMILE GOLDEN Hair WASH

Is a dainty Preparation which transforms dull hair into a "halo of sunshine," and has started a new fashion known as "Sunshine" Blonde. Try it AT ONCE and bring out the true beauty of your fair hair. Price 1/3 and 3/- per bottle.

FREE

A free sample for you to try will be sent on receipt of 3d. stamp to

EDWARDS HARLENE LTD. (J.B. 2), 36, Lamb's Conduit St., London, W.C.1.

GOOD NEWS FOR WOMEN.

Suffering That Can be Avoided.

"Born to suffer"—that seems to be the lot of many women. How many there are who always feel below par, often have an aching head, a miserable pain in the back, and limbs that feel as heavy as lead!

In nearly every case the whole trouble is due to bloodlessness, which causes not only pale cheeks and lips, but is the root of many pains and miseries from which women suffer. Lack of blood robs a woman of all her energy; she gets breathless, becomes despondent and irritable, and loses interest in life.

But you suffering women should remember that all the miseries of anæmia can be banished by new blood. It is easy to obtain this by taking Dr Williams' pink pills, for it is an accepted fact that these pills actually create new rich blood. You can prove this for yourself by taking a course of the pills now.

It is often said that the benefit following the use of Dr. Williams' pink pills is almost too wonderful to be believed. Actually it is quite natural, for the new blood created by these pills gives new life and energy to the whole body.

FREE. — All women should read "Nature's Warnings," a booklet of real help, sent free to all who write to C. F. Dept., 35, Fitzroy Square, London, W.1.

CONTINUAL PAIN AND ITCHING

Suffered With Weeping Eczema Over Hands. Cuticura Healed.

"I was a sufferer for about six months with weeping eczema that broke out all over my hands and part of my face. The eruptions scaled over and the itching and continual pain made sleep impossible.

"Cuticura Soap and Ointment were recommended to me so I sent for a free sample of each. They helped me so I purchased more and after frequent applications of the Ointment and Soap for about a month I was completely healed." (Signed) J. Ferguson, 44, Newport St., Hunslet, Leeds, Eng., June 5, 1931.

Keep your skin clear by using Cuticura Soap, Ointment and Talcum for daily toilet purposes. Touch pimples and itching, if any, with Cuticura Ointment, bathe with Cuticura Soap and hot water.

Soap 1s., Ointment 1s. 2d. and 2s. 6d., Talcum 1s. 3d. For sample each address: F. Newbery & Sons, Ltd., 31, Banner St., London, E.C.1.

Cuticura Shaving Cream 1s. 6d. a tube.

CELERY FOR RHEUMATISM

Take FULLER Brand CELERY PERLES. Each contains the curative properties of 30 lbs. of French cooked Celery. Instant relief. Rheumatism gone in 10 days. 1/3 and 3/- from Boots and all Chemists. Make sure you see the name

FULLER PERLES

SITUATIONS VACANT—Men
ASSISTANT BUYER WANTED by wholesale ironmongers. Previous experience and smart appearance necessary. Good salary paid. Write giving full particulars to:
A CHAUFFEUR REQU
shaven man used
carrying out repairs.
in. Provincial app
Apply to:
ASSISTANT MANAG
of builders and dec
used to estimating for
without supervision. Sm
methodical and conscientio
to:

Why some men keep jobs . . . while others fail

Among men of equal ability it's the one who takes care to be always well-shaved and smart whom employers mark down for permanency and promotion. And being well-shaved means he uses a soap that is made for the job. But it does not mean he pays a shilling or more for it; all he pays for his Lever's Easy Shaving Stick is 6d—a mere trifle for the hundred close, comfortable shaves which his Lever's Easy Shaving Stick gives—the kind of shaves which employers expect their staff to have. Ask *her* to get you a Lever's Easy Shaving Stick next time she calls at the grocer's.

100 shaves for 6d

A *LEVER* PRODUCT E 210 172-60

"John Bull" Guarantee.

EVERY article advertised in "John Bull" carries with it a "money-back" guarantee:—

All foods, food products, toilet preparations, medicines and drugs, and other articles capable of a laboratory test which have been approved by our experts are marked— In the case of medicines and drugs we guarantee that if they are taken or applied according to the directions they will have no injurious effects.

Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona-fides of all advertisements in "John Bull." Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in "John Bull," and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final.

ODHAMS PRESS LIMITED, Proprietors of "John Bull."

You Save Shopkeepers' Profits

Why pay Shop-prices when COVENTRY'S LARGEST WHOLESALE WAREHOUSE will supply you with a famous Coventry-built Cycle at a lower price? Carriage Paid. Besides,

YOU GET A 15/- FREE GIFT COUPON

to exchange for high-class Accessories with every Cycle. Write now for Free Copy of the BIGGEST CYCLE CATALOGUE ever published and you will get the 15/- Free Gift Coupon as well. Thousands already supplied to readers of "JOHN BULL."

Chas. T. Robey. Ltd CYCLE WAREHOUSE Dept. 24, COVENTRY.

A REVOLUTIONARY DESIGN

SAFE SIMPLE CLEAN ECONOMICAL

THE frame is made from a single steel pressing. It encloses the engine, gear box, etc., giving neatness and cleanliness, and enables the machine to be wiped down quickly, but does not sacrifice accessibility.

The controls are simple, ensuring easy management under all road conditions.

A three-speed gear with kick-starter is fitted, the primary chain is totally enclosed in an oil-bath case, an Enfield patent cush drive is in the rear hub, and the rear mudguard can be quickly removed, rendering tyre repairs a simple matter.

21 gns. with Electric Lighting

or £5 : 10 : 3 down

The 1½ h.p.

ROYAL ENFIELD "CYCAR"

Fill in and post this Coupon now

THE ENFIELD CYCLE CO. LTD., REDDITCH

Send Catalogue .....

D2. .....

.....

I was losing my Husband's Love

He was beginning to take so much notice of a blonde with a marvellous complexion that I confess I became frightfully jealous. Then I began to study the reason for her attractiveness. She never had a shiny nose—her complexion was always so fresh and lovely even after dancing all evening in a hot restaurant. At last a famous beauty specialist told me her secret—she just blended a little mousse of cream with her face powder. This marvellous ingredient, she said, makes the powder cling to the skin even in windy and rainy weather, and in spite of perspiration. To my delight after the first trial my husband said —"You look lovely to-night!"—Now my fresh lovely complexion is the admiration of my husband and the envy of all my friends.

NOTE: The sole rights to the use of this amazing discovery of "Mousse of Cream" have been acquired at enormous expense by Tokalon. Blended by a secret process in Poudre Tokalon it actually acts as a tonic and makes the skin *naturally* beautiful instead of merely covering it. Banishes all trace of shine permanently, and gives marvellous complexions never before seen.

1/- a box. Large box (double 1/- size) 1/6.

HEADACHE and NERVE PAINS

The Quickest Safest Surest Remedy is —

"DAISY"

Ask your Chemist!

DAISY Powders
2d. each & 4 for 7½d.

DAISY *brand* **Tablets**
6d. Tubes & 1/3 Bottles (36 Tablets).

GAMAGES

Outstanding Weekly Offer!

An 8gn. PORTABLE WIRELESS SET FOR 95/-

CASH PRICE

OR 12 MONTHLY PAYMENTS of 8/9

GAMAGES BUY MAKER'S ENTIRE STOCK of the famous "RENOWN" Portable Wireless Sets at a HUGE DISCOUNT.

The construction and high quality of the finish give a very much more expensive appearance. The very best components are used throughout with a view to ensuring really satisfactory reception. Thoroughly reliable, giving perfect and constant results, not merely from BRITISH BROADCASTING STATIONS, but also FOREIGN STATIONS.

Send your order NOW, or call and inspect our complete range

Usually 8 Gns

GAMAGES: HOLBORN E.C.1.

CITY BRANCH: 107 CHEAPSIDE E.C.2.

"232" Flannel Trousers Reduced in price!

Now only 13/9

Not a thread of the quality has been sacrificed

See Front Cover Announcement

YOU CAN WIN 'JOHN BULL'S' BIG XWORD LIFE PENSION

"Wait and see!" was the answer of Mr. C. Kirby, of Queen Yard, Bridlington, to friends who laughed at his keenness on "Crosswords." This disabled ex-soldier kept on entering each week and his persistence has resulted in an all-correct solution for "Crossword" No. 159.

Mr. Kirby is the fourth competitor in five weeks to win "JOHN BULL'S" huge prize outright. Why shouldn't you join the Crossword stars by filling up the squares to-day?

£3 A WEEK FOR LIFE

OR £1,250 CASH

THE LATTER AWARD WILL BE PAID SHOULD PRIZE BE DIVIDED

£50 EXTRA FOR RUNNERS-UP

NO CLAIMS REQUIRED

"JOHN BULL" will pay £3 a week for Life or £1,250 cash for a correct solution on one square of the puzzle below. Failing a correct solution the prize will be awarded to the reader whose entry is the nearest correct solution. An additional £50 will be divided between those competitors who enter squares containing one error only or only one error more than the winning solution. Solution of puzzle will be published in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, May 5th, and winner in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, May 12th.

READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY.

RULES AND CONDITIONS.

1.—Complete puzzle in ORDINARY INK, not copying-ink or copying-ink pencil, cut out the whole entry form whether both puzzle squares are used or not. Entry Fee for two squares is SIXPENCE—for Four Squares send ONE SHILLING. Make Postal Order payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and cross it /& Co./; write name, address and date of posting on back of P.O. and fill in the number upon Entry Form; send Entry Form by post, as directed, to reach us not later than **NOON, Thursday, April 28th.**

2.—No competitor may submit more than two double Entry Forms (four squares). Squares left incomplete, mutilated, indistinct or altered will be disqualified. No responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered or mislaid, and no correspondence will be entered into.

3.—Winners of this contest will appear in "John Bull" on sale **Thursday, May 12th, 1932.** Should any competitor not announced as a winner have entered a coupon eligible for a share of the first prize he must demand a scrutiny by first post **Tuesday, May 24th, 1932,** in accordance with directions given with result weekly. Any such Scrutiny, which may amend the result, must be accepted as final. No scrutiny can be conducted in connection with the additional award of £50 to be divided between the runners-up. Competitors should note that errors are computed according to the number of words which wrongly answer the clues given.

4.—In the event of a tie, a prize will be divided, but no competitor may receive more than one share of it. Should first prize be shared, £1,250 cash will be paid instead of dividing Pension.

5.—Readers in Scotland are debarred from and cannot enter this Competition. Any entry form bearing an address in Scotland will be disqualified.

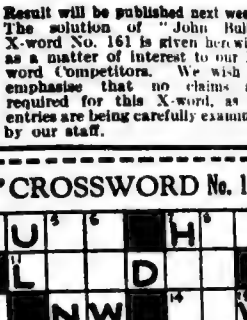
6.—Failure to comply with any of the conditions involves disqualification

7.—Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and members of their families are not eligible to compete.

NO CLAIMS REQUIRED.

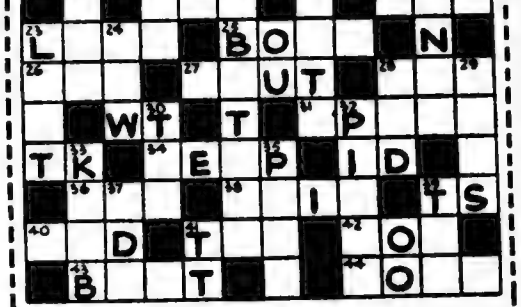
ENTRY FEE. **With two squares send P.O. for SIXPENCE. With four squares send P.O. for ONE SHILLING.** (See Rule 1.

Solution of "John Bull" X-Word No. 161



Result will be published next week. The solution of "John Bull" X-word No. 161 is given herewith as a matter of interest to our X-word Competitors. We wish to emphasise that no claims are required for this X-word, as all entries are being carefully examined by our staff.

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 163



J8·163 *DO NOT CUT HERE.*

J8·163

In entering this Competition I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto, and enclose P.O. No.....
P.O. for Sixpence must be enclosed to cover Two Squares, and Shilling P.O. to cover Four Squares.

ENTRY FEE for 2 Squares 6D.

Readers in Scotland ineligible. See Rule 5.

SIGNED.....

ADDRESS .....

.....

Don't omit your Name and Address.

FIVE £250 PRIZES WON BY X-WORD COMPETITORS!
See No. 160 Result on Page 36

CLUES ACROSS.

1. What milk travels in.
4. These help your circulation.
7. A noise.
9. Enclosed space.
11. Made of lead.
12. Whip makes donkey do this.
14. Propel with oars.
16. Cook in front of fire.
18. What keeps some alive.
20. Health resort.
22. Indicates maiden name.
23. Hero gives it for others.
25. Would describe roaring trade.
26. Single number.
27. This made General retire.
28. What boys grow into.
31. Used for digging.
34. Gather.
36. Another form of "no."
38. Increase.
40. It takes in some poor fish.
41. Twice five.
42. We get milk from her.
43. It carries packages.
44. You hear this on the road.

CLUES DOWN.

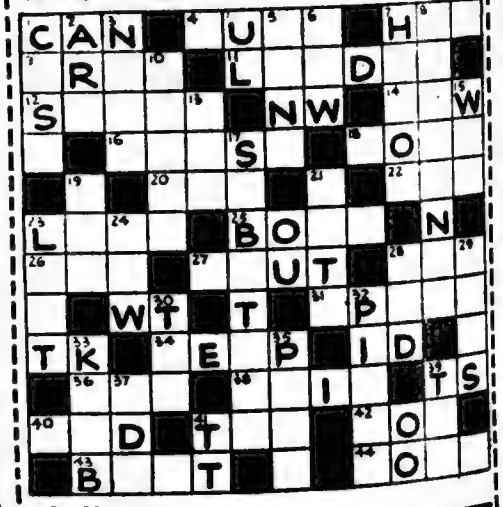
1. Cashier must get it right.
2. Painter studies this closely.
3. Close to.
5. Not straight.
6. Tooth-edged implement.
7. Bird with long legs.
8. Intact.
10. Got up.
13. Gentle blow.
15. Tiny.
17. Deliberate damage by strikers.
19. Killjoys' idea of jazz.
21. One buys plants in these.
23. What valuables sometimes become.
24. Small in number.
28. Insane.
29. Sharks sometimes get into.
30. Endeavour.
32. Nip.
33. Hard protuberance.
35. Sign of distress.
37. Fuss.
39. A couple.

THIS CONTEST CLOSES Noon, Thursday, April 28

SMAULCLT It's no use rushing to your Dictionary—you won't find it. It's simply one of those intriguing jumbles of letters in the "Passing Show's" new Pass-words Competition. The clue is FINE. All you have to do is to strike out the unwanted letters and there is your "Pass-word." When you have completed it, you'll want to do the other seven you will find in the "Passing Show" out Friday, April 22nd. Be sure not to miss it. There's a £100 First Prize and £25 Second Prize waiting to be won.

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 163

J8·163 *DO NOT CUT HERE.*



J8·163

In entering this Competition I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto, and enclose P.O. No.....
P.O. for Sixpence must be enclosed to cover Two Squares, and Shilling P.O. to cover Four Squares.

ENTRY FEE for 4 Squares 1/-

Readers in Scotland ineligible. See Rule 5.

SIGNED .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

Don't omit your Name and Address.

If entering two double Entry Forms, cut them out separately—add name and address to both.

ADDRESS ENTRY: "John Bull" Crosswords (No. 163), 57, Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.). | **NEXT WEEK'S SENSATION HUGE £3,000 X-WORD!**

The Editor Laughs Last

F. M. (Bury).—"I paid thirty shillings for a swarm of bees." And got stung?

S. W. (Putney).—"It's a long lane that has no turning." Or a filling station.

D. R. (Leyton).—"I don't really know myself yet." You'll get a shock some day.

B. M. (Truro).—"I speak as I think." But not as you write, we hope.

MRS. J. (Wishaw).—"What do standing committees do?" Sit.

A. G. (Epsom).—"What is most needed for a garden party?" Plenty of umbrellas and macintoshes.

D. J. (Plymouth).—"Carnera recently lost 2 st. 7 lb." Did he have a manicure?

D. V. (Clapton).—"I waited all night at the station." What did the magistrate say in the morning?

S. F. (Brixton).—"This is an age of self-help." Any of our big stores will verify that.

W. T. (Impington).—"Why are women now so unwilling to share a man's lot?" Generally because he hasn't a lot.

P. G. (Ketley).—"Are not women always called the gentle sex?" Not since the invention of clearance sales.

GEO. (Newcastle).—"Statistics show that less haggis is being eaten in Scotland." Thus civilisation spreads.

GOLFER (Glasgow).—"I presented a copy of my book of memoirs to the local free library." And did they place it in the fiction section?

W. G. (Margate).—"Should there not be schools for parents?" No, their children already teach them more than they ought to know.

T. S. (Caxton).—"Why are many middle-aged women such recklessly fast drivers?" Perhaps they're anxious to leave their past behind them.

G. I. (Retford).—"Is not divorce too easy in America?" Well, people there see little difference between united and untied.

T. W. (Wroxham).—"Why should women dress expensively—Eve didn't?" But there was only one man then, and she'd got him.

T. M. (Daventry).—"I often find it difficult to express my thoughts." Don't worry, your letters get here quickly enough as it is.

B. M. (Epping).—"My husband often stops out all night listening to the nightingale." And do you let him get away with that yarn?

NED (Newmarket).—"Racecourse tic-tac men say there is not so much money in their business as formerly." A flagging industry.

F. P. (Durham).—"I can never remember the words of any popular song." Now, if you can only forget the tune as well, everything will be all right.

TOM (London, N.).—"I have just discovered that my fiancée is an heiress. Do you think I should marry her?" Well, she will make you a capital wife.

J. M. (Aberdeen).—"They had a tremendous gate at the football match." Quite the biggest you've ever climbed over, in fact?

R. W. (New York).—"The U.S. Congress has passed a new law against kidnapping." It is believed that this will compel all kidnappers to go back to honest bootlegging.

S. M. (Maidstone).—"Why is it that after a heavy lunch some men fall fast asleep while still sitting at the table?" Because they want to make sure that the other fellow pays the bill.

L. S. (Newhaven).—"He has stayed at no less than three hotels in the course of a week. Can you imagine why he keeps on buzzing around?" Probably because he can't settle.

H. B. (Norwich).—"Cars are being made in so many colours that they will match almost any woman's costume." What we'd like to find is a nice new one to match our income.

W. S. (Potters Bar).—"He called me an unmitigated ass." Naturally you kicked.

G. M. (Derby).—"In order to become a cricket umpire, what must I be able to do?" Sleep without lying down.

L. M. (Wapping).—"My husband drinks beer like water." Is there another kind of beer?

P. M. (Harding).—"Laundry work nowadays is chiefly mechanical." A press-the-button system.

L. N. (London, E.C.).—"A man who is courting should never forget to shave." Quite so. Otherwise it's rough on the girl.

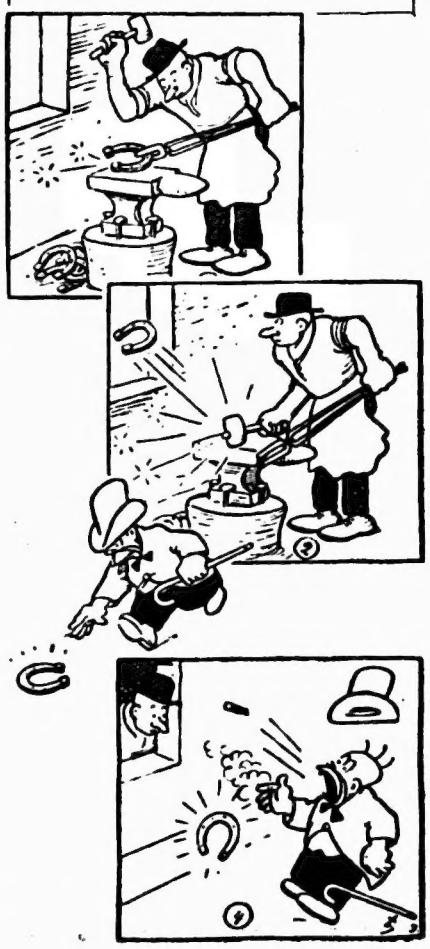
L. M. (Yeovil).—"Our new maid is very quiet about the house." Doesn't she disturb the dust?

J. H. (Grimsby).—"The archives of the League of Nations now contain 1,042 international agreements." One or two of which have been kept.

AUTHOR (Chelsea).—"I have decided on an extraordinary ending for my present novel—the villain will marry the heroine." Any woman will tell you that always happens in real life.

MRS. M. (Malvern).—"What shall I do with the men who keep on calling in order to give demonstrations of vacuum cleaners?" Put them in different rooms and tell them to get on with the spring cleaning.

ADAMSON: *Hot Pot Luck*



G. K. S. (Rochester).—"Two violinists in a French orchestra started fighting." Each one accused the other of losing his tempo.

D. C. (Swansea).—"An expert says that 70 per cent. of the dreams we have are unpleasant." That's not so much better than being awake.

G. M. B. (Highgate).—"Brighter Sunday wireless programmes are promised." This means that in future every Sunday won't be a chestnut Sunday.

G. M. (Staines).—"Everybody should rise with the lark." The trouble is that it's very hard to find a lark that gets up at about 11.30 on Sunday mornings.

G. M. (Walton).—"I am going to visit the place where I worked for fifteen years." You will find there have been a lot of drastic changes at Dartmoor.

HUNTER (Mayfair).—"Once in Africa I saw a bush move and fired and found the dead body of a full-grown lion behind it." How long had it been dead?

T. O. (Hawick).—"Some letter-writers scribble happily for a dozen pages." Others, happily, do not.

ANGLER (Deal).—"I had an extremely peculiar catch recently which I didn't recognise at first." A fish?

PHYLLIS (Kinross).—"I have had the pleasure of saying 'No' to many men." What were they selling?

W. G. (Hackney).—"Everyone should be able to live on £3 a week." Perhaps so—but not any longer.

MRS. J. (Bury).—"Man is but dust." But not gold dust, as income-tax authorities seem to think.

T. F. (Wolverhampton).—"A man can be a lunatic and not know it." Not if he's married.

F. N. (Cheltenham).—"In times of trial what brings most comfort to a man?" An acquittal.

D. B. (Hull).—"I am very temperamental." The usual 95 per cent. temper and 5 per cent. mental, we suppose.

H. W. (Cambridge).—"The farmers were distressed during the recent drought." Especially the dairy farmers.

B. M. (Bodmin).—"Every letter I write to you I read through half a dozen times." That beats us by six.

G. H. (Croydon).—"When a man gets heavily in debt it is not always his fault." It is usually owing to other people.

F. M. (Bath).—"I am sure some of the letters I write are quite interesting." To whom do you send them?

HIKER (Exeter).—"Do you travel much on foot?" Yes, every day, on the Underground.

CLERK (York).—"I typed this letter at the office." You shouldn't waste the firm's paper.

C. H. (Blackheath).—"Now that spring is here what do we see on both sides of many country roads?" Petrol pumps.

H. N. (Truro).—"I would trust him with my life." But not with anything valuable?

B. M. (Nuneaton).—"I got a new hat for next to nothing." Well, we naturally expected that you would wear it there.

F. M. (Bolton).—"I had had the umbrella only two days when I left it in a restaurant." And was the owner still waiting for it?

T. M. S. (Windsor).—"I enclose a plan of the wireless set I want to build, and I should like your advice on it." No, you wouldn't. You'd far better build a good *Bullet* and win one of those £21 receivers overleaf.

H. P. (Lancaster).—"I will never rest until this country is ridded of the last touch of Radicalism, Socialism, Bolshevism, Communism and Anarchism." You've omitted Rheumatism.

H. K. P. (New York).—"A twenty-year-old American journalist has had two plays produced, both of which have been described by the critics as 'so much dirt.'" It is not often that such terrific success comes to one so young.

(Many replies unavoidably held over)

IF you are troubled by any matter, you can obtain free expert advice that will help you. A stamped and addressed envelope is all that you have to send with your query. "John Bull" does the rest. Write to-day!

The replies given on this page to facetious correspondents are purely for your entertainment.

"Every Picture tells a Story."

Protect Your Kidneys!

Impurities collect in the blood if the Kidneys fail to act properly.

Backache, urinary disorders, dizzy attacks and other distressing kidney complaints can be overcome if you will help the weakened kidneys with Doans Backache Kidney Pills. When this special kidney tonic has enabled the kidneys once again to filter the blood properly, your pains will disappear and the risk of rheumatism, sciatica and lumbago will be avoided. Why not profit by Mr. Hancocks' experience and start to get well to-day!

'Kept Well since 1914'

"Muscular rheumatism gripped me across the small of the back in 1914," says Mr. W. Hancocks, 102, Reynoldson Street, Hull. "All the strength seemed to leave my back. I could get no ease, day or night, but kept getting worse. The least movement brought on those terrible pains and I was afraid I should have to give up altogether. The state of the excretions pointed to kidney weakness. After several months of pain I used Doans Backache Kidney Pills. They put me right and have kept me right."

(*Signed*) W. HANCOCKS."

Three Sizes **1/3, 3/-, 5/-**

DOANS Backache Kidney Pills

THE SECRET OF GOOD DIGESTION

Practically all forms of indigestion and stomach trouble are due to or accompanied by an abnormal condition known as acidity, which causes fermentation and the formation of gas. Correct this condition and all pain and distress instantly disappear. For this purpose the best thing known is to take a little 'Bisurated' Magnesia. This instantly neutralises the acid, stops the fermentation and formation of gas, and permits painless normal digestion. Get a 1s. 3d. package of 'Bisurated' Magnesia (tablets or powder) from your chemist to-day, and take after eating or whenever pain is felt; you'll be astonished at the results—pain, distress, discomfort, and fullness all gone as if by magic. Nothing else relieves as quickly and surely as 'Bisurated' Magnesia, and for this reason sufferers from indigestion should never be without it.

LUXURY COMFORT

AT A BARGAIN PRICE. There is no sense in paying good money for rubbish when you can have the finest quality at no greater expense. Quality goods are a real joy, and give pleasure all the time.

GRAVES 'PROGRESS' BARGAIN SALE is the WORLD'S FINEST HOUSEHOLD VALUE

Two super quality White **All Wool** Blankets, not a thread of cotton in them. Blue borders, whipped ends. Size 68 x 88 ins. Weight 7½lbs pair.
Two White Fleecy Blankets, whipped ends, 60 x 80ins. 4lbs pair.
Two Grey Bolton Twill Hemmed Sheets 70 x 90ins. 4lbs pair.
One coloured Fadeless Alhambra Hemmed Quilt Size 73 x 94ins.
One Bleached Damask Table Cloth, 54 x 54ins.
Two White Pillow Cases, Size 20 x 30ins.
One pure White Bolster Case to match 20 x 60ins.

IMPORTANT.—As extra advantage we include a **18-Piece Cutlery Service:**—4 Stainless Sheffield Steel Knives, 4 Dessert Forks, 4 Dessert Spoons, and 4 Tea Spoons. Will wear like silver, white all through

The Complete Sale (including the 18 Piece Cutlery Service), Ready for Immediate Delivery. Carriage Paid. Price £3

TERMS: 5/- with Order, and 5/- Monthly. Fullest Approval. Catalogue Free.

J. G. GRAVES LTD. SHEFFIELD

Has New Hair

Kotalko Did It!

"I was almost bald," writes Miss Annie Thompson.

"I tried all kinds of treatments, but the falling of my hair continued.

"At last I was advised to try Kotalko, and to my great joy discovered that I had finally found the right thing. The new hair growth developed and strengthened.

"It has been maintained in length and quantity, as you will see by my photograph. My hair is all that can be desired.

"I cannot praise Kotalko sufficiently, for it has really worked wonders in my case."

Men also who were bald-headed for years report new hair growth through KOTALKO. Many testimonials from men and women.

Test Box If you have dandruff or are losing hair, or if you are nearly or quite bald, write

To JOHN HART BRITTAIN, LTD., 2, Percy Street (53 V.A.), London, W.1.

Please send me, post paid, Testing Box of KOTALKO, with directions, for which I enclose threepence in stamps.

Name .....

Address .....

.....

£10.10.0 FOR £5.16.3

MOST WONDERFUL CYCLE OFFER EVER MADE

The Graves 'Speed King' 3-Speed Cycle beats the World for Quality & Value, and stands comparison with any 10-Guinea Machine.

DUNLOP MAGNUM ROADSTER TYRES, WIRED EDGES.
STURMEY-ARCHER WORLD-FAMED THREE-SPEED GEAR.
DUNLOP MAGNUM CONICAL SPRING WATERPROOF SADDLE
HANS RENOLD CHAIN

Chromium plated Rims, Handle bars, &c. Frame rustproofed, enamelled Black, Coach lined (All Black, if desired) Rear Light Reflector, Tool Bag, Pump, Spanners & Oilcan Lady's & Gent's Model, same price **£5.16.3**

Terms: Send only 7/9 with order, and 14 monthly payments of 7/9 Fullest Approval

WRITE FOR CATALOGUE POST FREE.

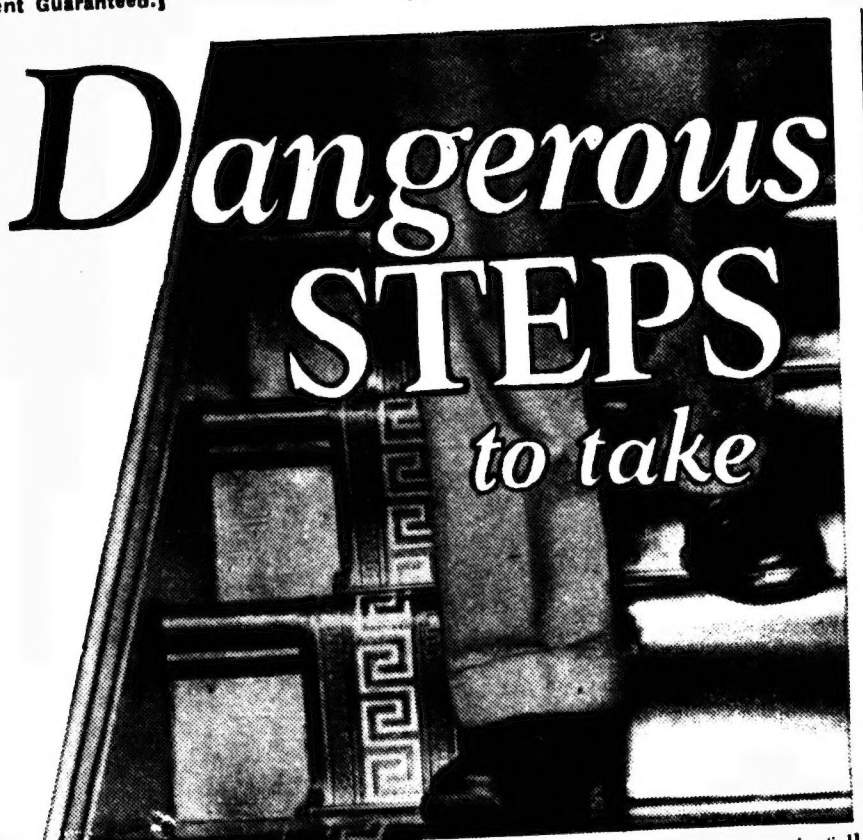
We have other remarkable Cycle Bargains including **Graves Single-Speed Cycle** fitted with Dunlop Road-ster Tyres, Renold Chain, Dunlop Waterproof Saddle, complete & Carriage Paid, Ladies' or Gent's Model **£4:10:0** Terms: 6/- now and 6/- monthly, also **Graves 'Speed King' Club Model,** weight about 29lbs; fitted with Dunlop Sports Tyres, Renold Chain, Middlemore's Racing Pattern Saddle. Complete and Carriage Paid Ladies' or Gent's **£4:17:6** Terms: 6/6 monthly. **Graves All-Weather 3-Speed Cycle £6:7:6.** Terms: 8/6 monthly. Carriage Paid to destination. Fullest Approval.

J. G. GRAVES LTD. SHEFFIELD.

IF your dog's well-being means anything to you—

Turn to Bob Martin's advt. on page 27.

Dangerous STEPS to take



"MISSED his footing and fell headlong down the stairs." This is the tragic way in which a "John Bull" reader, Mr. George Newsome, 9, Clarendon Street, Wakefield, met his death.

To his widow "John Bull" has dispatched a cheque for £100 under "John Bull's" Great Free Family Insurance.

Steps dark and dangerous are an ever-present menace, as so many of our readers know to their cost.

During the past week alone no less than forty cheques were sent to readers on account of accidents in the home—just *one* of the many risks covered by "John Bull's" comprehensive scheme of free insurance.

Sign the registration forms now if you have not already done so.

WHAT "JOHN BULL" GIVES.

The contents of your home will be covered against FIRE up to £1,000. Other benefits :—

Burglary up to £200
Storm, Flood, up to £300
Home Accidents, up to £200
Sickness, up to £10 10s.
Sports Accidents, up to £500
Wireless Benefit (damage by Lightning) up to £10
Children's Benefits, £3

These and other benefits are subject to

10% Bonus

In the case of readers registered for 3 months and over.

CUT HERE

JOHN BULL

Hand this Coupon to your Newsagent

To (Name of Newsagent) .....

Address .....

.....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature.....

Address.....

.....

..... Date .....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.
J.B., 23/4/32.

CUT HERE

Post this Coupon to

"John Bull" Registration Department, 128, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I have sent an Order Form to my Newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

.....
Reader's Signature.

Age.....

Address.....

.....

.....

Name and Address of Newsagent.

.....

..... Date .....

Use ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent if ½d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return.

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.
J.B., 23/4/32.

CASH THE COUPONS!

JOHN BULL'S PEN OFFER

JOHN BULL PEN COUPON.

VALUE 3D

This coupon with P.O. for 2/9 plus 3d. postage and insurance entitles holder to receive a "John Bull" all British self-filling Pen with **14 carat solid gold nib, iridium tipped, guaranteed 2 years.** Additional coupons up to four (any dates) may be saved and are acceptable in part payment, each counting as 3d. off the price. **You may send five coupons and P.O. for 1/9** plus 3d. postage and insurance. *State if fine, medium or broad nib. Pocket clip 3d. extra.*

Address: "John Bull" Pen Department, 27, Floral Street, London, W.C.2.

MAY

STOMACH ULCERS END QUICKLY.

All over the country sufferers from Stomach Ulcers are getting relief from their agony with what doctors call the Maclean formula, the cure for digestive ailments now used in the clinics of London's leading hospitals.

This Maclean formula has been proved by the hospitals to bring rapid relief and permanent cure in case after case of Indigestion, Acid Stomach, Wind, Flatulence, and even Gastric and Duodenal Ulcers.

And now you can get the Maclean formula ready packed for your own personal use. Now the priceless benefits of this great discovery are available to end the pain and discomfort which have ruined your life.

All you have to do is to go to any chemist and get a bottle of Maclean Brand Stomach Powder. Ask for it by that exact name because then you are certain it is the exact formula which the Doctors and Hospitals have proved, and look for the signature "ALEX C. MACLEAN."

If your chemist is out of stock, send 2s. direct to Macleans, Ltd., Park Royal, London, N.W.10. Special Note: Maclean Brand Powder is not sold loose and is only obtainable in 2s. and 1/3 cartons. The former containing double the quantity at 6d. less than double the price. Also packed in tablet form for convenience in travelling, etc.

ARE YOU SUFFERING FROM NEURALGIA?

Neuralgia comes because your nerves are worn out. Work and worry these days mean a terrible strain on the nerves. So doctors everywhere are advising people to use something you've heard of for fifty years, that famous tonic wine, Wincarnis.

Wincarnis is the best builder up and restorer of jaded, worn-out nerves there is. It is simply the purest of fine wine with all the valuable properties of 2½ lbs. of grapes, added to the vitamins and strength-giving properties of beef and malt extracts.

A glass in the morning, another in the afternoon, and one before you go to bed and you will find you sleep better than you have for years. You'll wake in the morning refreshed and reinvigorated. In a day or two you'll have forgotten your nerves and neuralgia altogether. Actually, over 20,000 recommendations have been received from doctors who have proved its value.

Don't go on suffering any longer. Try Wincarnis to-day. You'll find it delicious, and with your very first glass you will realise that here is the end of your troubles.

Acute Indigestion

Sufferers from Indigestion, even in an acute form, may obtain immediate and lasting relief by taking Dr. Jenner's Absorbent Lozenges, a simple yet thoroughly reliable remedy made by Savory & Moore from a formula of the celebrated Dr. Jenner.

The Lozenges are very useful in case of HEARTBURN and ACIDITY. They are quite harmless, containing nothing in the nature of a drug, and are used and prescribed by medical men.

TESTIMONY.—"Your Absorbent Lozenges are simply marvellous. I had acute Indigestion and Acidity for nearly three months, but the treatment I received did not benefit. Then I saw your advertisement and wrote for a sample, which gave me relief. I have since bought four boxes, but now only require one lozenge occasionally."

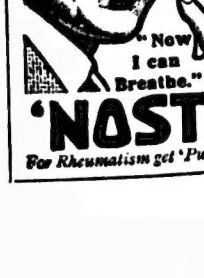
"I am writing to express my thanks for the great benefit my wife has derived from taking Dr. Jenner's Absorbent Lozenges. After years of suffering she is better than she has been for years, and is in a fair way to be permanently cured."

Boxes 1/3, 3/- and 5/- of all Chemists.

A FREE SAMPLE

of Dr. Jenner's Absorbent Lozenges will be sent on receipt of a postcard. Mention *John Bull* and address—Savory & Moore, Ltd., Chemists to The King, 143A, New Bond Street, London, W.1.

Head Cold



Instant relief from Colds, Catarrh and Stuffiness! A touch of "Nostroline" clears head, nose, throat, chest. Defeats infection. Soothes from nostril to lung. Splendid for children.

All Chemists 1/3.

Free Sample from 'Nostroline' J 77, Clifton, Bristol.

"Now I can Breathe."

'NOSTROLINE'

For Rheumatism get 'Puritan Salts' 6d. per box at Chemists

BUMPER 'BULLETS' FIRST
£500
THESE £21 RADIO SETS
—are the latest 5-valve Super-heterodyne models produced by Edison Bell Ltd. Completely self-contained—simple to operate—reception perfect. No aerial, earth or electric mains required.
WIN ONE THIS WEEK!
THIS WEEK ONLY
ENTER BY SAT. APRIL 30
OTHER PRIZES
SECOND £50
THIRD £25
10 PRIZES OF £2.10
25 PRIZES OF £1
500 PRIZES OF 2/6
2,000 RED SEAL 'TARGETS'
8,000 'TARGETS'
and TEN £21 RADIO SETS, EACH WITH £5 CASH!

BIG CASH AND WIRELESS PRIZES—HURRY!

IN scores of homes to-day a JOHN BULL Radio Set is flooding the air each evening with broadcast entertainment of every kind. Soon, as the result of the bumper offer now before you, ten more homes are to enjoy this modern magic—and yours can be amongst them!

As you make up your *Bullets* for this big contest, of course, your eye will be upon that splendid First of £500, but remember—you will be competing also for one of the ten £21 Radio Sets which are shortly to bring a £5 note as well as harmony to entrants of good *Bullets*.

In its finished form a *Bullet* should consist of TWO, THREE or FOUR WORDS which link up neatly with the *Example* chosen and form an apt and original comment. Suppose, for instance, you choose the *Example* IRELAND, you could complete a *Bullet* by adding the words FOLLOWING "SWEEPS" WITH "BRUSHES"?

Spend a little time studying the winners printed below, noting the ingenious choice of words. Then make a start on your own efforts and be sure that your entry is in by Saturday, April 30.

P.S.—In to-morrow's *Passing Show* a £100 prize is offered for eight words. Get your copy and see what you can win in this absorbing new contest.

OVER £1,000 CASH WON THIS WEEK!

FIRST PRIZE OF 500 GUINEAS, COMPETITION No. 844:

Mr. A. E. HUSKISSON, 33, Gladstone Street, Hebburn-on-Tyne.

Example:—BE BOLD AND
Bullet:—*Don't* BRAVE LIFE ALONE!

SECOND PRIZE OF £50:

Miss L. HOLDEN, 29, Bryan Road, Blackpool.
Example—Hard Facts
Bullet—Tell Child "To Face."

THIRD PRIZE OF £25:

Mr. W. GREEN, 43, Harford Street, Middlesbrough.
Example—Ghost Of The Past
Bullet—Crept In—"Shook Foundation."

10 PRIZES OF £5 EACH:

S. AKE, 79, Spring Bank, Hull.
On A Pedestal—Angel—On Grave, Weeds!

W. T. BASSETT, 89, Railway Street, Splott.
Dad's Invention—Unlosable Stud—Plans Mislaid.

Mrs. F. G. FROUD, School of Artillery, Larkhill, Wilts.
On The War-path—Father—Sonny Cables Geneva!

T. McBEATH, 47, Oxford Avenue, Southampton.
Out-of-work Actor—"Artist" "Pictures" "Brushed" Aside.

W. NEIL, 2, Gilmour Street, Stewarton, Ayrshire.
Narrow-minded—Way We "Shock" Tourists.

E. PEAKE, 34, Clinton Crescent, Ilford.
Runaway Wife—Now Lodger "Understands" Husband!

G. WHEELHOUSE, 71, Cathcart Road, Glasgow.
Reduced to Ashes—Love—"Fireside" Held Neither.

H. WHITELEGG, 243, Bearwood Road, Smethwick.
Drifting—Since "Mate" "Slipped Cable."

Miss WONKLIN, 19, Harley Road, Oxford.
Out-of-work Actor—Relives Successes—Revives Successors.

H. S. WOOD, 34, Tobin Street, Wallasey.
Caught Him—Wink—Kiss—Ring—Rolling-pin!

10 PRIZES OF £2 10s. EACH:

H. ADAMS, 4, Oiver Road, Birmingham.
Dad's Invention—Scarecrow—Frightened *Seeds* Apparently.

P. BARNES, 43 Devon Road, Cheam.
Juggling With Millions—Chancellor—Everybody "Jogging Arm."

E. BUTLER, 37, St. Cuthbert Street, Wells, Som.
Face At The Window—At League Conference, America's.

T. HAWKEY, 5, Sandy Hill, St. Austell.
Runaway Wife—Only Scandal "Pursued" Her.

A. F. LEWTON, 446, Stapleton Road, Bristol.
Drifting—Together—That's "Political Co-operation."

J. MITCHELL, 81, Albert Buildings, Burnbank.
In The Hour Of Need—Her "*Seal*" Is *Deplored*.

J. H. PASCOE, 38, Bosvigo Road, Truro.
Juggling With Millions—Then Teaching Mice Tricks.

E. ROBERTS, 17, Minnie Street, Keighley, Yorks.
Dad's Invention—"One Look" Stopped It.

C. H. SIMMS, 47, De Beauvoir Road, Reading.
Weeding The Garden—Crack! Backbone—Or Button?
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

C. A. WINDSOR, 15, Duke Street, Coventry.
Touching Scene—Guide "Leaves Till Last."

In accordance with our published announcement the sum of £250 will be divided amongst winners of two or more prizes in Competition No. 844.

A list of 50 10s. and 500 of 2s. 6d. can be seen at these offices.

ALL WINNERS HAVE BEEN NOTIFIED.

"BULLETS" RULES.—1. The First Prize will be awarded for what in the opinion of the judges is the best Bullet in consultation with the Editor received and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges. **2.** Only two attempts may be written on each coupon, and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL, and crossed /& Co./ Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated. **3.** The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry. Employees of Odhams Press and their families are not eligible.

ANOTHER RECORD PRIZE COMING!

Look out for sensational news next week

"EXAMPLES" FOR COMPETITION No. 847.

HOW BRITAIN STANDS
GENEVA'S WORK
CONSIDERING MARRIAGE
SWEET MEMORY
BECOMING OLD-FASHIONED
EDUCATION'S WONDERFUL, BUT
SILENT SALESMAN
RICH AMERICAN
SHOCK FOR THE SERGEANT
GALLANT ATTEMPT
BANG IN THE MIDDLE
DOCTOR NATURE
NEGLECTED
TAXPAYER'S BABY
IRELAND
RICHLY REWARDED
POVERTY'S STING
DOSE OF PRISON
BEST MAN
GLADLY
STRONG LANGUAGE
MOCKING
THE WHISTLE
WHEN HUBBY'S LATE
UGLY RUMOUR
IT'S RAINING, SO
NO CATCH
THE BARBER
HEART-BROKEN
SONNY'S MISTAKE
BUBBLING OVER
SEX EQUALITY

Example
Bullet

Example
Bullet

(847) P.O. No.
Closing SAT. Apr. 30
I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 1 Coupon send P.O. for 6d.
Signed
Address

Example
Bullet

Example
Bullet

(847) P.O. No.
Closing SAT. Apr. 30
I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 2 Coupons send P.O. for 1s.
Signed
Address

Example
Bullet

Example
Bullet

(847) P.O. No.
Closing SAT. Apr. 30
I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 3 Coupons send P.O. for 1s. 6d.
Signed
Address

Example
Bullet

Example
Bullet

(847) P.O. No.
Closing SAT. Apr. 30
I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 4 Coupons send P.O. for 2s.
Signed
Address

If you wish to send in further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

Address Entry:—"Bullets" No. 847, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp).

NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.—First, £5; Second, £2; Third, £1.

The original cheque for £500 awarded to the First Prize-winner in Competition No. 843 will be displayed in the window of Mr. Frank Leech, 257, Netherton Road, Knightswood, Glasgow.

Use this Coupon to secure FREE "BULLETINS"

Our free weekly help for would-be winners is waiting to lift you into the prize-list. Make sure of a copy every Thursday by completing this coupon.

I enclose 6d P.O. No..... (made payable to "John Bull") to cover postage on twelve issues of "Bullets Bulletin" commencing with next available issue.

NAME .....

ADDRESS.....

.....

Post to:—"BULLETIN" DEPT., ODHAMS PRESS LTD., 13, SHORT'S GARDENS, LONDON, W.C.2

Do not send this coupon with your Bullets entry.

I, Too, Can *Thoroughly Recommend* "Yeast-Vite"

Brand Tonic Tablets

BY A MALE NURSE

Enthusiastic Backing of Certified Nurses' Praise of Famous Quick Tonic

Not only do Certified Female Nurses constantly and regularly praise the extraordinary successful Pain-relieving, Nerve-steadying and Health-reviving qualities of 'Yeast-Vite' but professional Male Nurses, who have such exceptional opportunities of seeing the wonder-working RESULTS of 'Yeast-Vite,' join in the chorus of praise of this great remedy.

The considered opinions of a man of wide experience in health matters both in Great Britain and Overseas is of the utmost importance to all.

"The publication of so many Nurses' Tributes to 'Yeast-Vite' has interested me greatly. I, too, can thoroughly recommend this famous Tonic, Pick-me-up and Health Builder.

As a method of feeding the body with essential elements of health, relieving Pain, strengthening the Nervous System, overcoming Digestive and Gastric Troubles and thereby banishing in a remarkable manner a large number of prevalent, annoying and maybe serious complaints, I consider 'Yeast-Vite' Tonic Tablets invaluable."

WHY YOU SUFFER

This widely experienced Male Nurse continues:

"It is an undoubted fact that by far the greater majority of people who suffer from Poor Health are simply suffering from a Deficiency of Vitamins — particularly Vitamin 'B.' But however the trouble manifests itself, they have only to ***feed*** their system with Vitamins (especially Vitamin 'B') for those troubles to quickly disappear.

I have had many opportunities of observing the health beneficial effect of 'Yeast-Vite' in many cases, and have myself PERSONALLY experienced the benefit to be gained from this famous Tonic.

HOW I HAVE BENEFITED

Whilst I was serving in the Far East I found it most invaluable for preserving me against attacks of Fever and keeping me energetic beneath the enervating effect of Tropical Suns.

Whenever I have a difficult case to nurse I frequently find that 'Yeast-Vite' helps both myself and my patient.

In cases where people have been martyrs to Stomach Troubles, Head Pains or Bilious Attacks for years and where a chronic state of Lowered Vitality has existed, I have repeatedly known it to accomplish wonders. Especially so has this happened in the case of those 'Nervy' people whose lives border always upon the brink of neurasthenia."

YEAST-VITE

Relieves

NERVE PAINS *IN 5—15 MINS.*
HEADACHES *IN 5—15 MINS.*
LASSITUDE *IN 10—20 MINS.*
DEPRESSION *IN 10—20 MINS.*
"NERVES" *IN 10—20 MINS.*
INDIGESTION *IN 15—30 MINS.*
EXHAUSTION *IN 15—30 MINS.*
SLEEPLESSNESS *IN 30—60 MINS.*
RHEUMATISM *IN 24 HOURS.*

OUR OFFER

Simply obtain a 1/3 bottle of 'Yeast-Vite' from any Chemist, and if you are not THOROUGHLY CONVINCED of its WONDERFUL POWER and TONIC PROPERTIES return the empty carton to Irving's YEAST-VITE Ltd., Watford, and your money will be refunded in full without quibble or question.

CERTIFIED NURSE SAYS "YEAST-VITE" IS

". . . . . An Ideal Physical and Mental Stimulant and Restorative in Nervous Troubles and Functional Disorders"

"During my years in hospital I have come across many cases where Yeast-Vite has proved of supreme benefit. My personal observation has shown me that it is invaluable for building up Vitality and Bodily Strength and is an ideal restorative in Nervous Troubles and Functional Disorders.

I would strongly advise all men and women whose health is poor, those who feel the need of stimulation and extra energy and endurance, nervous subjects, those who are prone to suffer pains, and all who desire to regain and maintain a condition of Bodily Fitness to enlist the aid of this world famous remedy."

All Chemists, 1/3, 3/- and 5/- Per Bottle.

T.C.B.

FIVE £250 PRIZES WON in "John Bull's" Cross-Word Competition No. 160.

In the above competition, solutions containing one error were received from the following five competitors, who share the £1,250 offered. To each of them, subject to the conditions of the Competition, a cheque for £250 will be sent.

C. F. Adams, 541, Devon Mansions, Tooley Street, S.E.1.
Miss D. E. Evans, 16, Hartwell Crescent, Leighton Buzzard.
T. J. Goulding, 6, Egerton Street, Runcorn, Cheshire.
Mrs. Palmer, 3, Monkton Terrace, Jarrow.
W. R. Weeds, 125, Lodge Lane, Liverpool.

Any other entrant who claims to have sent a solution eligible for a share of this prize must demand a scrutiny by First Post, Tuesday, May 3rd, sending £1 Scrutiny Fee, copy of solutions and Postal Order Number. Envelope to be registered, marked "Scrutiny" and addressed to the Competition Editor of "John Bull."
No scrutiny can be undertaken in connection with the Award of £50 to Runners-up. This Prize has been divided between 57 competitors, from whom we received solutions containing two errors and who will each receive 17s. 7d. A list of these winners can be seen at the "John Bull" offices and all have been notified.

Another Splendid X-Word with a First Prize of a Life Pension of £3 a week and £50 to be divided between the Runners-up appears on page 32. Try Your Skill Now!

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